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THE HOLBORN SERIES
OF
READING BOOKS.

BY REV. C. S. DAWE,
Normal Master, St. Mark's College, Chelsea.

INSTRUCTIVE
READER,

No. 2.

The Educational Supply Association,
LIMITED,
1, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.

1876.



PREFACE.

THIS series of Reading-Books is designed to provide carefully graduated exercises in reading, and at the same time useful information on a variety of topics generally interesting to young people.

The lessons will be found, it is hoped, sufficiently attractive in style to be read with pleasure, whilst affording material sufficiently solid to require and repay an investigation of the subject-matter.

The lessons in the "optional subjects" (Geography and Grammar) correspond with the New Syllabus, and it is hoped they may be helpful in preparing the scholars for this part of their examination.

Pupils in elementary schools are now required to read with *intelligence* to secure a "pass" at the Government examinations. It is believed that this series will be found conducive to this important end, by providing suitable lessons for *thoughtful reading*.

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THE HOLBORN SERIES.

INSTRUCTIVE READER.—No. 2.

BOB, THE FIREMEN'S DOG.

fa-mous	cel-lar	won-der-ful	sol-dier
en-gine	in-mate	fond-ling	col-lar

BOB was the name of a famous dog, that used to run before a fire-engine in London. Whenever a fire broke out, Bob was on duty. His duty was to run ahead, and bark with all his might, to warn all the carts and cabs to get out of the way. He wore a brass collar round his neck, and on the collar you might have read these lines,—

“Stop me not, but onward let me jog;
I'm Bob, the London firemen's dog.”

Bob once saved the life of a little child. The firemen all thought that all the inmates were out of the burning house. But Bob knew better. His wonderful nose told him that some one was still there. At

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THE HOLBORN SCHOOL
READING BOOK

BOOK 1
Normal Class

INSTRUCTION
READING

No. 1

The Educational Supply Association
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1906.

night, in this queer place, with nothing to eat but scraps of rusty bacon and musty cheese. Only come with me, and I will show you how we live in the city."

At dusk the next day the two mice set out for London, and sneaked into the queen's palace about midnight. They made their way to a grand room, where they saw many other mice feasting on the dainty crumbs on the splendid carpet beneath the table. The country mouse thanked his friend for bringing him to such a fine place, where he hoped to feast like a king every night of his life. "But why," he said, "do all the mice here keep their eyes on the door, and scamper away at the least sound?" At that moment the door opened, and a great cat sprang into the middle of the room, and carried off one of the mice in her mouth. "Oh, if this is the way you live in the city, I shall return to my old house in the country. I would rather eat coarse scraps in peace than dainty morsels in fear."

<i>crumb</i>	<i>toast</i>	<i>search</i>	<i>queen</i>	<i>bacon</i>	<i>guest</i>
<i>friend</i>	<i>coarse</i>	<i>spread</i>	<i>queer</i>	<i>rusty</i>	<i>sneak</i>



THE MONKEY AS JUDGE.

mis-chiev-ous heav-i-er cun-ning or-der-ed
quar-rel-some nib-bled e-qual-ly di-vi-ded
pro-ceed-ed jus-tice bal-ance pro-per-ty

Two quarrelsome cats had found a piece of cheese, and as they pounced upon it at the same moment, they both claimed the prize. They would not agree to divide it; but each insisted on his right to the whole. So they went to law about the matter, and a cunning monkey was to settle the dispute.

The judge declared that the property should be equally divided, and ordered a knife and a pair of scales to be brought. Then he gravely cut the cheese in two, and weighed the pieces. As one piece out-weighed the other, the judge nibbled off a good bit from the larger piece, and then weighed them again. This time the other piece was too heavy. So he proceeded to set the matter right by taking a good bite out of it. And this of course made it too light.

He was putting the heavier slice to his mouth, when each of the cats cried out, "Hold! hold! give me either share, and I will be content."

"Not so, my good friends," replied this upright judge; "you have come to me for justice, and justice you shall have. It is not fair that one should have

more than the other, and I will take care that you do not."

The judge, with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes,



went on nibbling the cheese, first one slice, and then the other. He very carefully weighed the pieces again and again ; but he could not get them to balance.

And so the end of it was, the quarrelsome cats got none.

<i>pounced</i>	<i>monkey</i>	<i>knife</i>	<i>claimed</i>	<i>whole</i>	<i>dispute</i>
<i>weighed</i>	<i>heavy</i>	<i>scales</i>	<i>twinkle</i>	<i>pieces</i>	<i>matter</i>



RATS.

cu-ri-ous	in-fest	suc-ceed-ed	u-ni-ted
dif-fi-cult	a-cute	ex-am-ple	oc-ca-sion
es-cape	lag-ging	com-pan-i-ons	crea-tures

THERE are but few people who have not a dislike to rats. Rats, however, are sometimes tamed and treated as pets. They are certainly very clever and cunning, and have been known to do very curious tricks.

Rats have been seen making off with hens' eggs to their holes, and carrying them up a pair of stairs on their way. And this is how they are said to manage it. One rat lies on his back, and takes an egg in his paws. Then one or two others stand on the stair above, and lay hold of it with their paws. When they have succeeded in getting the egg to the top of the stairs, they either roll the egg along the floor to their holes, or else one lies on his back and holds the egg in his paws, while others drag him over the floor by the tail.

A gentleman once kept oil in some narrow-necked jars in a cellar. It chanced one night that one of these jars was left open. This soon became known to two or three rats in the house, and they came to the jars to feed upon the oil. One of them climbed up to the mouth of the jar, but found the neck too narrow for him to get down his head. Then they all tried to *upset the jar*, but found it too heavy for their united

strength. At last, one knowing old rat climbed up and dipped in a stick, which he then drew out and sucked. The others soon followed his example.

Rats are so cunning, that it is difficult to catch them in traps. Their scent is very acute, and if the trap is touched with the naked hand, they will not come near it, however much they may like the bacon or cheese put in it as a bait. Gloves should be put on before setting the trap, and a fork be used in fixing the bait.

Rats not only infest houses, but also ships. They seem to know when a ship is too rotten to be safe, and a house too old and shaky to stand much longer. It is commonly said that "rats desert a falling house and a sinking ship." On one occasion the rats in a mill had taken alarm, and were seen leaving it in scores. A few hours afterwards the mill took fire, and was burnt to the ground. While making their escape, three of them were seen holding a piece of stick between their teeth, and lagging behind the rest. It turned out that the middle one was old and blind, and that his two companions were leading him away by the help of a stick.

Rats, however, are seldom so kind as this. They are very hungry creatures, and will eat one another when food is scarce. If a rat happens to be caught by the *leg in a gin*, the others sometimes fall upon it, and devour it. The mother-rat is very fond of her young

ones, and very brave in their defence. But the other parent is not so loving. If he pays his family a visit, it too often ends in his eating one of his children. Should the mother be at home, the little ones are safe, for then he is afraid to attack them.

<i>people</i>	<i>cellar</i>	<i>climbed</i>	<i>strength</i>	<i>shaky</i>	<i>attack</i>
<i>cunning</i>	<i>chanced</i>	<i>dipped</i>	<i>scarce</i>	<i>visit</i>	<i>defence</i>

A FAIRY'S SONG.

Come, follow, follow me,
Ye fairy elves that be ;
Light tripping o'er the green,
Come, follow Mab, your queen !
Hand in hand we'll dance around,
For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest,
Unheard and unespied
Through key-holes we do glide ;
Over tables, stools, and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And if the house is swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And duly she is paid ;

For every night, before we go,
We drop a tester * in her shoe.

Then o'er the mushroom's head
Our table-cloth we spread ;
A grain of rye or wheat,
The manchet * that we eat :
Pearly * drops of dew we drink
In acorn cups filled to the brink.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly
Serve for our minstrelsy ; *
Grace said, we dance awhile,
And so the time beguile ; *
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

O'er tops of dewy grass
So nimbly do we pass,
The young and slender stalk
Ne'er bends where we do walk ;
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

* *Tester*, a sixpence. *Manchet*, a tiny roll of bread. *Pearly*, bright like pearls. *Minstrelsy*, band of music. *Beguile the time*, to spend it pleasantly.



THE FOX.

ter-ri-er	poul-try	au-tumn	scar-let
hunts-man	jack-ets	gal-lop	fre-quent-ly
en-e-my	suc-ceed	es-cape	ac-ci-dents

DID you ever see a fox? He is about the size of a terrier dog, and is of a reddish-brown colour. He has a sharp nose, very bright eyes, pointed ears, and a bushy tail which is sometimes called his "brush." He is a great enemy to farmers, for he runs off with their ducks, geese, and poultry; and so cunning is he, that you cannot easily catch him in a trap. There are not so many foxes in England as there were formerly; and if farmers had their own way, there would soon be none at all. But country gentlemen are very

fond of hunting the fox, and so a few are kept for the sake of the sport.

A fox-hunt is a very fine sight, though the sport is perhaps rather cruel. On a fine morning in autumn the hunters in their scarlet jackets set out on horseback to the place of meeting. There they find the huntsman with a pack of hounds. In a little time a fox is started, and away they go. The hounds follow, barking loudly. The hunters gallop as hard as they can to keep the fox in sight, and cheer the dogs as they go. Away over fields and streams, hedges and ditches. No time now to open gates, or seek out gaps in the fence. On rush the horses, leaping the fences or dashing through them, and many a rider is thrown from his seat, and severe accidents frequently happen.

In the meantime the fox tries all his cunning tricks in order to escape. He makes for the wood, and is lost to view ; but the hounds are on the scent, and soon find him out. He turns and doubles, and makes for a stream, if there is one near. He hopes if he can cross the water before the hounds appear, that they will lose the scent. But he seldom succeeds. Two or three of the fleetest are almost sure to be in time to see him leave the water. By this time, perhaps, there is only one or two of the huntsmen in sight ; but they also cross the stream, and the chase again begins.

Sometimes the fox escapes ; but more frequently he *is caught and killed* by the hounds. The foremost

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hunter then rides up, calls off the dogs, and cuts off the "brush." He then winds his horn to call together the stray dogs, and to let the hunters know that the chase is over, and then all tired out return slowly home.

Many stories and fables have been written about the fox to show what a cunning fellow he is; but this lesson is long enough already, and we must have some of these stories another day.

<i>xshy</i>	<i>sport</i>	<i>doubles</i>	<i>ditches</i>	<i>tired</i>	<i>enough</i>
<i>brush</i>	<i>cruel</i>	<i>hedges</i>	<i>fences</i>	<i>tried</i>	<i>written</i>



FABLES ABOUT THE FOX.

dis-tance	hen-roost	be-gin-ning	to-geth-er
de-fect	en-joy-ed	es-cape	ad-vice

I.

AN old fox one day saw a plump cock sitting upon a gate. What a nice dinner he would make me, thought the fox, if I could only catch him! So he went up and said, "Have you heard the news?"

"What news?" said the cock.

"Why, the birds and beasts have all sworn a truce, and there is to be peace among us. The wolf will not harm the lamb, the cat is not to catch mice, the fox is

not to rob the hen-roost, and the dog is not to touch the fox. Do come down and wish me joy in this new state of things."

The cock, however, said nothing and did not stir, but he seemed to be looking at something in the distance.

"What are you looking at?" said the fox.

"Oh! only a pack of hounds that are coming this way. I suppose they are coming to tell us the good news."

"Then I must be off," said the fox, beginning to sneak away.

"Do not go," said the cock: "you have nothing to fear, you know."

"Ah!" said the fox, "perhaps the dogs have not yet heard the good news."

II.

The same fox was afterwards caught by the tail in a steel trap, and was glad to escape with the loss of it. But he looked so odd without his tail, that he almost wished he had died, rather than have left it in the trap. So he began to cast about in his mind for the best cure for his defect.

Having called all the other foxes together, he made a long speech, in which he told them how much better it would be for them to get rid of their tails. He said *he had always found his own tail very much in his*

way, and that one day he had made up his mind to cut it off, and that he had never enjoyed so much ease before.

All the foxes looked at each other, and waited for some one to speak. At length a sly old fox said, perhaps they would follow his advice, when they found their tails in a trap.

III.

A fox having tumbled by chance into a well, was unable to get out again; when, at last, a goat came to the brink and peeped in. "Good-morning, neighbour," said the goat: "I hope you find the water good." "Yes, indeed; it is the sweetest and best I have ever drunk; and you have only to leap in to taste and try for yourself."

Without a moment's thought, in jumped the goat. "By my beard," said he, "this water is equal to wine." "Yes," replied the fox; "but one can have too much of a good thing"; and with the same, he leapt upon the head of the goat, and nimbly sprang out, leaving the poor goat at the bottom of the well to shift for himself.

Taking a last look into the well, the fox, with a grin on his face, said, "Friend, I advise you next time to look before you leap."

<i>sitting</i>	<i>plump</i>	<i>beast</i>	<i>speech</i>	<i>wait</i>	<i>sworn</i>
<i>coming</i>	<i>sneak</i>	<i>heard</i>	<i>truce</i>	<i>ease</i>	<i>touch</i>

DICTATION EXERCISES

ON THE MORE DIFFICULT WORDS IN PRECEDING
LESSONS.

I.

1. A soldier wears a scarlet dress. 2. A king or queen lives in a palace. 3. A fire-engine and a fire-escape are kept in every city. 4. A monkey is frolicsome and mischievous. 5. A fox is a cunning creature. 6. Fowls, ducks, and geese are called poultry. 7. I have written a letter to my friend in the country.

2.

1. My little terrier is cruel to cats. 2. I am tired after my long journey. 3. It is difficult to climb an elm. 4. Set a good example to your little brother. 5. A guest is a person staying on a visit at a friend's house. 6. Take a knife and cut up the potatoes into small pieces. 7. Some people have double the strength of others.

3.

1. A mouse is fond of crumbs of bread and cheese. 2. My cat pounced upon a mouse and killed it. 3. A rat dipped his tail into a jar of oil. 4. I have thought of you frequently. 5. One piece is heavier than the other : please to divide it equally. 6. I have tried to learn my lesson ; but I have not succeeded. 7. The whole of that pie is hardly enough for three hungry men.

4.

1. Bread is wholesome fare. Play fair, and do not cheat. Mary has fair hair. 2. Dick has a hole in his coat. I can eat the whole of that apple. 3. Peace is better than war. A piece is less than the whole. 4. I have sent him to the post. Dogs hunt by scent.

THE FOX AND THE CROW.

con-sid-er-ed de-light-ed flat-ter-y beau-ti-ful
lis-ten-ed re-al-ly pleas-ure poi-son-ed

AN old crow had found a very nice piece of cheese. She flew with it to the top of an elm tree, thinking to enjoy a fine feast. A fox, at that moment, came out of his hole at the foot of the tree, and seeing the cheese in the crow's bill, considered how he might get it for himself.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Crow," he cried; "I am delighted to see you looking so well this morning. I really think you look younger than ever. No lady in the land wears a dress of silk or satin that has such a gloss as your fine feathers."

Now the old crow ought to have known what a cunning fellow the fox was. She might have been sure it was all flattery. But though she could not quite make out the meaning of his fine words, she listened with pleasure to all he said.

So the fox went on to say, "I am sure, Mrs. Crow, such a beautiful bird must have a sweet voice. Pray favour me with one little song."

Then the silly old crow opened her mouth to sing; she gave one *caw*, and down dropped the cheese. The fox snapped it up, and ran off with it, leaving the crow *looking quite foolish*.

But, as it happened, the fox did not gain much by his cunning trick and his flattering tongue ; for I have heard that the piece of cheese, found by the crow, had been poisoned to kill the rats and mice. The fox had no sooner eaten it, than he became quite ill, and in a few hours lay dead.

<i>tongue</i>	<i>favour</i>	<i>feather</i>	<i>ought</i>	<i>snapped</i>	<i>silly</i>
<i>enjoy</i>	<i>younger</i>	<i>satin</i>	<i>voice</i>	<i>dropped</i>	<i>foolish</i>



THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

pret-ti-est par-lour flat-ter-ing in-vi-ta-tion
di-a-mond clutch-es cun-ning ad-dress-ed

A SPIDER, you know, makes a cobweb in some odd corner to catch the flies that happen to come near. One day a cunning old spider espied a little fly, and being very hungry, thus addressed it :

Will you walk into my parlour, my pretty little fly ?
"Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy."

But the little fly had been warned by her mother to keep out of the way of all spiders. And so she turned a deaf ear to his invitation. Then said the spider to the fly,—

"I have a little looking-glass upon my parlour shelf ;
If you'll step in a moment, dear, you shall behold yourself."

The little fly, however, was wise enough to wish her friend "good morning," and fly away. But she was not wise enough to stay away. And when she returned, she heard the spider say,—

"Come hither, hither, pretty fly, with the gold and silver wing;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright, set in a lady's ring."

The silly little fly could no longer resist his flattering words. Thinking only of her beauty, and of the looking-glass, she flew quite close to get a peep into the spider's home. Up jumped the cunning spider, and in a moment the silly fly died in his clutches.

<i>spider</i>	<i>happen</i>	<i>warned</i>	<i>enough</i>	<i>beauty</i>	<i>resist</i>
<i>cobweb</i>	<i>hungry</i>	<i>hither</i>	<i>silver</i>	<i>friend</i>	<i>pretty</i>



SPRING.

THE bleak winds of winter are past,
The frost and the snow are both gone,
And the trees are beginning at last
To put their green liveries* on.

And now if you look in the lane,
And along the warm bank, may be found
The violet in blossom again,
And shedding her perfume* around.

The primrose and cowslip are out,
 And the fields are with daisies all gay,
 While butterflies, flitting about,
 Are glad in the sunshine to play.

The goldfinch and blackbird and thrush
 Are brimful of music and glee ;
 They have each got a nest in some bush,
 And the rook has built his on a tree.

The lark's home is hid in the corn ;
 But he springs from it often on high,
 And warbles his welcome to morn,
 Till he looks like a speck in the sky.

Oh, who would be sleeping in bed
 When the skies with such melody* ring,
 And the bright earth beneath him is spread
 With the beauty and fragrance* of spring ?

* *Liveries*, gay dresses. *Perfume*, sweet smell or odour.
Melody, music. *Fragrance*, sweet smell.



PLOUGHING AND SOWING.

plough-ing	coun-try	re-mem-ber	har-row
fore-most	ma-chine	gen-er-al-ly	bar-ley
In-dia	pleas-ant	sev-e-ral	au-tumn

We were all seated round the breakfast table, when

father asked us if we could guess how many men had taken a part in making the loaf upon the table.

My little sister Mary said, "I should think only the man at the baker's."

I guessed a dozen.

"How do you make that out?" said she.

"The baker," I said, "kneads the flour into dough, and then puts it into the oven to bake. But the miller must grind the corn, or the baker would have no flour; and the farmer must employ men to plough the ground and sow the seed, or there would be no corn for the miller to grind."

Father then told us all about ploughing and sowing; and I will tell you what I remember. A *plough* is used instead of a spade to turn the soil. It has a sharp blade to go through the ground, and two curved handles for the ploughman to hold. At the head of the plough a boy leads two horses to draw it across the field. In some parts of the world, as in India, oxen are used instead of horses, and the ploughman guides the oxen by pulling their tail this way or that. In our country steam is often made to do the work instead of horses or oxen.

When the plough has turned up the soil, another tool, called a *harrow*, must be used. The harrow has several rows of iron teeth, for it has to serve as a rake. It is drawn by horses, and as it passes over the field it breaks up the clods and levels the ground.

There are many kinds of corn—as wheat, oats, rye, and barley. One kind grows best in a rich soil, and another in a poor soil. The sowing takes place either in autumn or spring, and is generally done by a *machine*. While the machine is drawn across the field, the seeds drop out in straight lines.



It is very pleasant in the country to hear the plough-boy's whistle, and the merry tinkle tinkle of the little bells on the horses, as they return home from the field. *How glad they must be, when the day's work is over! The plough-boy, sitting on the broad back of the fore*

most horse, smacks his whip with glee. He leads his horses to the pond to drink, and then lets them walk through to wash and cool their feet.

<i>dough</i>	<i>kneads</i>	<i>curved</i>	<i>whistle</i>	<i>wheat</i>	<i>oats</i>
<i>plough</i>	<i>guess</i>	<i>handle</i>	<i>dozen</i>	<i>straight</i>	<i>rye</i>



A CORN-FIELD.

rust-ling	Au-gust	sep-ar-a-ted	sic-kle
pro-lect-ed	por-ridge	win-now-ing	plat-form
Scot-land	Eng-land	yel-low-ish	la-bour-er

THERE are many kinds of corn—as wheat, barley, oats, and rye. Oats are much used in Scotland to make oat-meal cakes and porridge. But both in Scotland and England bread is made of wheat.

When the wheat first appears above the ground, it looks like green blades of grass. But as time goes on, it grows into a stiff jointed reed, on the top of which is an ear of corn. At first the grains of corn in the ear are soft and green, but under the hot sun they become hard and yellowish. A field of ripe wheat is a beautiful sight. When a breeze is blowing across the field, we see the golden ears of corn one after another bow gently down and rise again; and we hear

a pleasant rustling sound, as they shake their crowned heads against each other.

In the warmer parts of England the wheat-harvest begins in August. The corn is cut down by a *reaping-machine*, or by men with a reaping-hook, called a *sickle*; so that when the corn is ripe, it is said to be ready for the sickle. The corn, as it falls before the sickle, is tied up into little bundles or *sheaves*. The sheaves are afterwards set up to dry in the sun.

In a few days, with fine weather, the corn is ready to be carried "home," and placed in a *stack*. A stack is simply a round pile of sheaves cleverly built up with the grain inwards, and protected from the rain by a covering of thatch. It is also protected from rats and mice by being placed on a platform resting on pillars. It is easy for you to guess how it is the sparrows cannot feed upon the wheat in the stack.

The corn must afterwards be brought into the barn, and there the grains of wheat are separated from the straw. This is done by a *threshing-machine*, or else by a labourer with a *flail*. A flail is made of two rods, one long and the other short, joined together by a thong of leather. With the flail the labourer beats the corn until the grains fall out of the ears. This is called *threshing*. Perhaps you know something about another kind of threshing, and another kind of flail.

After the corn is threshed, there is still a loose *skin* around each grain. This outer skin is called the

husk, or chaff. The chaff is removed by *winnowing* the corn. This is done by putting it into a machine, and whirling it round. The draught of air in the machine blows out all the chaff through an opening at one of its ends. The corn is now ready for the miller.

<i>leather</i>	<i>whirl</i>	<i>tied</i>	<i>sheaves</i>	<i>pillar</i>	<i>loose</i>
<i>weather</i>	<i>thong</i>	<i>dried</i>	<i>thatch</i>	<i>draught</i>	<i>flail</i>

HARVEST HOME.

HARK ! from woodlands far away,
Sounds the merry roundelay ; *
Now, across the russet plain,*
Slowly moves the loaded wain ;
Greet the reapers as they come—
Happy, happy harvest home !

Never fear the wintry blast,*
Summer suns will shine at last ;
See the golden grain appear,
See the produce * of the year.
Greet the reapers as they come—
Happy, happy harvest home !

Children, join the jocund * ring,
Young and old, come forth and sing ;

Stripling * blithe,* and maiden gay,
 Hail the rural* holiday.
 Greet the reapers as they come—
 Happy, happy harvest home !

Peace and plenty be our lot,
 All the pangs * of war forgot ;
 Strength to toil, and ample * store,
 Bless old England evermore.
 Greet the reapers as they come—
 Happy, happy harvest home !

* *Roundelay*, a sort of song. *Russet plain*, a flat country as it looks after the corn is cut down. *Blast*, strong wind. *Produce*, the crops. *Jocund*, merry. *Stripling*, young fellow. *Blithe*, gay, merry. *Rural*, belonging to the country. *Pangs*, pains. *Ample*, large.



SHAPE OF THE WORLD.

tra-vel-led dis-ap-pear sail-ors di-rec-tions
 sev-er-al ac-counts sur-face ge-o-gra-phy

EVERY child who is not a dunce would like to learn all he can about the world in which he lives. We can only see a very small part of the world from the top of a tower or a high hill. But some people have travelled *all over the world*, and written accounts of their *travels*. We learn what they have seen in books of

geography. So then geography teaches us about the world, and tells us what it is like.

The world is sometimes called the earth, and sometimes the globe. It is called *the globe* from its being almost as round as a ball. It is, however, not quite round, but is in shape like an orange. The earth does not look round, but that is because we can only see a very small part of it. If you cover up an orange all but a part about the size of a sixpenny-piece, that part will look flat. And so if we stand on the sea-shore and look out to sea, it seems flat, but that is because the part we see is but a small part of the whole world.

Perhaps you think the world cannot be round, since in many places it is full of hills and hollows. But the world is so large, that the hills and hollows are only like "the ups and downs" on the rough skin of an orange.

We have several proofs to show that the world is round. Sailors who have left our shores and gone on and on in one direction have at length come back again to the very place from which they started. This is just what a fly would do if it walked round an orange.

Then we have another proof. If we stand on the sea-shore and watch a ship sail out to sea, we shall lose sight of the hull first and the top of the mast last. Now if the world were flat, we should lose sight of the hull last, because that is the largest part. So it is plain, the ship does not disappear because of its dis-

tance, but because the surface of the sea is not level. It is curved or bulged out like the outside of a ball, and so the ship when it has gone a few miles dips out of sight.

LINES WRITTEN IN MARCH.

THE cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun :
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest
The cattle are grazing
Their heads never raising ;
There are forty feeding like one.

Like an army defeated,
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill.
The ploughboy is whooping—anon, anon :
There's joy in the mountains,
There's life in the fountains ;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing ;
The rain is over and gone !

DICTATION EXERCISES

ON THE MORE DIFFICULT WORDS IN PRECEDING
LESSONS.

5.

1. A diamond is a stone of great beauty. 2. A field of corn in autumn is a beautiful sight. 3. There are several kinds of corn—as wheat, barley, oats, and rye. 4. That spider is ready to clutch at that silly fly. 5. Flattery is false praise. 6. A hungry dog snapped at a piece of meat which I had dropped.

6.

1. The weather is pleasant in August. 2. You ought to know what a sickle is used for. 3. A machine often does more work than a dozen labourers. 4. The baker kneads the flour into dough. 5. It really gives me much pleasure to pay a visit to the country. 6. Children in Scotland like porridge for breakfast.

7.

1. Boots and shoes are made of leather. 2. You will catch a cold if you sit in a draught. 3. You have not drawn that line straight enough. 4. Hold your tongue, and do not let me hear your voice again. 5. The ploughboy whistles and the milkmaid sings. 6. A flail is used to thresh wheat. 7. Joseph in a dream saw his brothers' sheaves bow down to his.

8.

1. I *threw* a stone at a sparrow, and it went *through* a pane of glass. 2. The bird *flew* away. 3. The smoke goes up the *flue*. 4. The wind *blew* cold, and my nose became quite blue. 5. I *knew* a lady who used always to wear a peacock's feather in her bonnet. 6. My new shoes pinch my feet.

CATECHETICAL LESSONS

ON

INFORMATION PREVIOUSLY GIVEN.

Ploughing and Sowing.—*How does the Farmer prepare the Ground for Sowing?* He first turns up the soil with a plough, and then breaks up the clods with a harrow.

What does a Gardener use instead of these tools? He uses a spade and a rake.

Why don't Farmers use spades and rakes? Because their fields are so large, they would not be able to get the work done in time.

How is Wheat generally sown? It is sown in straight lines across the field by means of a machine drawn by a horse. As the machine moves the seeds drop out a few at a time.

Corn.—*Describe the appearance of a Field of Corn.*—The young corn looks like blades of grass, but as it grows older an ear is formed at the top of each stalk, and when the corn is ripe it looks yellow.

What is done to the Corn when it is Ripe? It is reaped or cut down with a sickle. Then it is bound up into bundles called sheaves, and these are put up to dry in the sun.

What is done with the Sheaves when dry? They are carted off to the stack.

Describe a Stack. It is a round pile of sheaves, built up with the ears of corn inwards, and afterwards thatched to keep out the rain.

What is done to the Corn when taken out of the Stack? It is taken into the barn, and all the grains are beaten or threshed out of the ears.

How is this done? Either with a flail or a threshing-machine.

Describe a Flail. A flail is made of two rods, one long and the other short, joined together by a thong of leather.

What is next done with the Grain? As there is a loose skin, called the husk or chaff, around each grain, it is winnowed to get rid of it.

How is this done? By putting the corn into a machine in which it is whirled round very fast. This causes a draught of air, which blows out all the chaff and leaves the pure grain behind.

Name the different kinds of Corn. Wheat, barley, oats, and rye.

What use is made of each kind? Rye and oats will grow on a very poor soil, and are made into a coarse kind of cake. Oats are much used in Scotland for making porridge. Barley is chiefly used in making malt for beer, and wheat for making bread.

Shape of the World.—*What is Geography?* It teaches us about the world, and tells us what it is like.

Of what shape is the Earth? It is almost round, like an orange.

Why does it not appear round to us? Because we can only see a small part at a time.

Do not the hills and hollows prevent it from being round? No; they are only like the little 'ups and downs' on the rough skin of an orange.

What is the best proof we have that the World is round? The fact that sailors have sailed round it by keeping on in the same direction.

Mention another proof. When a ship goes to sea we lose sight of the hull first



BREAD.

king-dom	em-ploys	brew-ers	pow-er-ful
mo-tion	wheat-en	cur-rants	bis-cuits

BREAD is the best food we can eat, and it is food that no one dislikes. It has been called "the staff of life," because it keeps up our strength. A good cheap loaf is the poor man's best friend. In former times he used to eat black barley bread, but now we may see a *white wheaten loaf* in every cottage in the kingdom.

The wheat is sold by the farmer to the miller, and he grinds it into flour. The part of the mill that grinds the corn is nothing but two large flat round stones. There is a hole in the upper stone, and through this hole the wheat passes down, and gets between the two stones. The upper stone turns round and round, and so crushes all the grains of corn between itself and the under stone, which is fixed.

There are three kinds of flour-mills; in one the mill-stones are set in motion by water, in another by wind, and in the other by steam. A wind-mill is always placed on the top of a hill, where the wind is strongest. A water-mill is nearly always found at the foot of a hill, where the stream is most powerful. A steam-mill is generally built in a town, because it employs a good many "hands."

When the miller has ground the corn, he sends the flour to the baker, and he makes it into bread, biscuits, and cakes. The first thing to be done in making bread is to mix the flour with about half its weight in water, and then add a little salt and yeast. Yeast comes from the brewer's; it is a kind of thick froth, and smells like beer. The baker kneads the flour, water, and yeast all up together in a wooden trough, until it becomes a stiff paste, called *dough*.

The dough is then cut into lumps and weighed, so as to make loaves of the right size. These pieces of dough are then put into the oven and baked.

When the baker makes biscuits, he does not put in yeast, but butter, eggs, and milk, and sometimes sugar. In making cakes, currants and other nice things are added to the flour.

bread	strength	steam	weight	dough	butter
cheap	crushes	stream	weighed	yeast	sugar

BUTTER AND CHEESE.

sto-mach	val-u-ed	skim-med	an-i-mal
dai-ry	chief-ly	ren-net	Stil-ton

THE cow is a most useful animal. She gives nice sweet milk for us to drink, and to use in making puddings and cakes. Her flesh we eat under the name of beef. Her skin is made into leather for our boots and shoes; and her horns, hoofs, and bones, are used for making combs, glue, and handles for knives. But the cow is valued chiefly for her milk, from which we get cream, butter, and cheese.

At early dawn and early evening the cow is slowly driven home from the field, with her udder filled with rich milk. When the maid has milked the cow, she takes the milk to the dairy, and there it stands in a large shallow pan, till the cream has risen to the top.

The cream is then skimmed off, and generally made into butter.

Cream is made into butter by churning it. This is done by moving it about in a *churn*. The common churn is a barrel, with a stick passing through a hole in one of its ends. This stick has fixed to it, inside the churn, a round flat piece of board with holes in it. By moving this stick up and down, the cream is in time turned into small lumps of butter. The cream is not all changed into butter, but only the solid part of it; the thin part is called butter-milk, and this is drained off and given to the pigs.

Let us now learn how cheese is made. You know sour milk turns into *curd* and *whey*. Cheese is made from curd, but not from the curd of sour milk. Milk for making cheese is turned into curd and whey by pouring into it some *rennet*, which is got from the stomach of a calf, by steeping it with sweet herbs in hot water. The whey is then strained off, and the curd is put into a *cheese-vat*. The vat is a kind of box, with holes near the bottom, and is of the same size and shape as the cheese to be made. The vat, full of curd, is then put into a cheese-press, or under a heavy weight, so that all the whey may be squeezed out, and nothing be left but solid curd. When taken from the press, the cheese must be put on a shelf, and *left there for a long time to get dry and firm*. The *richest kind of cheese* is that called Stilton cheese,

which is made of new milk, to which cream has been added.

<i>pudding</i>	<i>comb</i>	<i>knives</i>	<i>barrel</i>	<i>solid</i>	<i>curds</i>
<i>churn</i>	<i>glue</i>	<i>squeeze</i>	<i>board</i>	<i>udder</i>	<i>whey</i>

MORNING.

Awake, little girl, it is time to arise ;
Come, rub drowsy sleep from your eye ;
The lark is now warbling his notes to the skies,
And the sun is far mounted on high.

Oh, come, for the fields with gay flowers abound,
The dewdrop is quivering * still,
The lowing herds * graze in the pastures around,
And the sheep-bell is heard from the hill.

Oh, come, for the bee has flown out of his bed,
Impatient his work to renew ; *
The spider is weaving her delicate * thread,
Which brilliantly * glitters * with dew.

Oh, come, for the ant has crept out of her cell,
And forth to her labour she goes ;
She knows the true value of moments too well
To waste them in idle repose.*

Awake, little sleeper, and do not despise *
 Of insects instruction to ask ;
 From your pillow with good resolutions arise,
 And cheerfully go to your task.

* *Quivering*, shaking, trembling. *Lowling herds*, cattle. *Renew*, begin again. *Delicate*, fine. *Brilliantly*, brightly. *Glitters*, shines. *Repose*, rest or sleep. *Do not despise*, be not too proud.

THE DOG.

easy man-aging cler-gy-man va-ri-e-ty
 span-i-el pro-tec-tor com-pan-ion ter-ri-er
 fir-ner-al sup-plied New-found-land affect-ing

WHAT a great variety of dogs there is! Some are large and powerful, like the mastiff and Newfoundland dog; others are small, like the terrier and lap-dog. Some are fierce and ugly, like the bull-dog; others are gentle and pleasing, like the spaniel. Some dogs are kept as pets; others are kept to guard the house, or to mind the sheep, or to help in managing a drove of cattle; and others are used in hunting and shooting. The huntsman has his pack of hounds to hunt the fox; the sportsman takes out his spaniels to find out hares and other game in the fields and woods.

All dogs, except the greyhound, hunt by scent. The

greyhound is remarkable for its speed, and is employed in coursing the hare. It has long slender legs, and a slim body, so thin that you could easily count its ribs at a glance.

What a loving and faithful creature is the dog! He is never so happy as when in his master's company. Indeed, the dog may be regarded as man's dumb companion. A person seldom feels lonely when his four-footed friend is by his side. Even a blind man need never feel friendless and forsaken, whilst he has a well-trained dog for his guide and protector.

Many stories are told of the dog's affection for his master. Here is a true story, and a very affecting one. A poor tailor of the parish of St. Olave, London, on dying, left a small dog to mourn his loss. The little animal would not leave his master's corpse, even for a bit of food; and so his food was placed on a little dish near the coffin. When the day of the funeral came, the faithful dog followed the coffin to the churchyard; and on his master's grave he dug himself out a little bed, and there he was always to be found. If driven away, he would come back again. The clergyman of the parish, hearing of this loving little creature, took him to his house, and tried to win his affection; but he could not forget his late master, and would make off for his grave whenever he could. The clergyman then had a kennel placed on the grave, and food and water supplied to the dog once a day.

Thus two years passed away, and then the poor dog died.

<i>mastiff</i>	<i>fierce</i>	<i>coursing</i>	<i>dying</i>	<i>faithful</i>	<i>parish</i>
<i>tailor</i>	<i>guard</i>	<i>creature</i>	<i>dumb</i>	<i>stories</i>	<i>kennel</i>



KINDNESS TO GOD'S CREATURES.

TURN, turn thy hasty foot aside,
 Nor crush that helpless worm ;
 The frame thy wayward looks deride,
 None but our God could form.

The common Lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flowed,
A portion of His boundless love
On that poor worm bestowed.

The light, the air, the dew, He made
To all His creatures free ;
And spread o'er earth the grassy blade
For them as well as thee.

Let them enjoy their little day,
Their lowly bliss receive ;
Oh, do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give.

CALLING ILL NAMES.

lan-guage com-pan-i-ons mer-ri-ly com-plain
peo-ple re-peat-ing naugh-ty vex-a-tion

EDWARD LANCE had a bad habit of calling ill names. This was a bad way he had of venting his ill-temper. And sometimes he would call his companions ill names, because he saw it vexed them, and made them angry. So you may suppose he had but few friends among his school-fellows.

Now one day Edward went out to play in the fields

near a wood, where there were some high rocks. As he was running about and shouting merrily to a comrade, he heard a voice from the rocks repeating his words. When Edward said, "Hollo there!" the voice said, "Hollo there!" When Edward said, "Who are you?" the voice said, "Who are you?" The little boy thought somebody was mocking him. So he said, "Where are you, you fool?" And the voice taking up the last words, repeated, "you fool." On this, Edward got very angry, and called him such bad names that they are not fit to print. But he got all his bad language back again from the voice in the wood. And the louder he spoke, the louder came the words back again to him.

At last the naughty boy ran home, and, on seeing his father, told him what ill names he had been called by somebody hiding in the wood. His father, who knew that the voice in the wood was only the echo of his own voice, said, "Ah! my son, you have only been telling me of your own bad conduct. You would have heard no ill names from the rocks in the wood, unless you had first spoken them yourself. The rocks have no tongues of their own; they can only give back your own words."

Edward's face was now fire-red with shame and vexation. His father went on to say, "Let me tell *you that*, as you grow up, you will find many people *like the echo* you have heard to-day. If you speak

-

indly to them, they will give you kind words in exchange ; but if you allow your tongue to say rough, rude words, you must expect the same in return."

<i>habit</i>	<i>comrade</i>	<i>voice</i>	<i>rough</i>	<i>running</i>	<i>tongues</i>
<i>angry</i>	<i>exchange</i>	<i>echo</i>	<i>vexed</i>	<i>shouting</i>	<i>expect</i>

TO A BUTTERFLY.

I've watched you now a short half-hour,

Self-poised upon that yellow flower ;

And, little butterfly ! indeed

I know not if you sleep or feed.

How motionless ! not frozen seas

More motionless !—and then

What joy awaits you, when the breeze

Hath found you out among the trees,

And calls you forth again !

This plot of orchard ground is ours :

My trees they are, my sister's flowers ;

Here rest your wings when they are weary ;

Here lodge as in a sanctuary !

Come often to us ; fear no wrong ;

Sit near us on the bough :

We'll talk of sunshine and of song,

And summer days when we were young—

Sweet childish days that were as long

As twenty days are now.

UNDER AN UMBRELLA.

man-a-ging	seiz-ing	wor-ries	shag-gy
in-ter-est-ing	scam-per	fa-vour-ite	dif-fer-ent
um-brel-la	en-trance	shel-ter	re-col-lect

HERE you see three friends all sharing the welcome shelter of an umbrella. The brother and sister were very fond of their dumb pet and lively playmate. They had been talking about him, and both agreed that he was the handsomest and cleverest dog in the world. Then they went on to talk about dogs in general, while waiting for the rain to stop.

Harry. "My favourite dog is the Newfoundland; but I have heard that the shepherd's dog is the most useful of all dogs."

Mary. "Yes; I am so fond of a Newfoundland dog. I like to pat his fine head. He has such a broad forehead, and such a good-natured face."

H. "I like to see him best when he is swimming and dashing about in the water. Father told me that he knew a Newfoundland dog, called Nelson, that had saved a little child from drowning. While the nurse was looking about, the child fell into the river. Nelson sprang in after the helpless little thing, and seizing it by the clothes, soon brought it to the bank."

M. "Yes; and I have heard mother say, that the father of the little child being a rich gentleman, offered

a large sum of money to Nelson's master ; but he refused to sell his darling dog."



H. "Our Uncle Tom once told us, that his sheep-dog is worth more than three men for managing the sheep upon the Scotch hills, where there are no hedges."

M. "I once saw his dog. It has only the stump of a tail. It is called Shag, I suppose, from its long shaggy hair."

H. "I didn't care about his dog when it came to our house. It got under the chair where uncle was sitting, and wouldn't make friends with us at all."

M. "No, but it is a good dog for all that; for though it runs after the sheep and the little lambs to get them together, it never bites or worries them."

H. "True; and I have heard it is a very clever dog. Don't you remember uncle told us an interesting story about a very clever sheep-dog? One evening when it was dark and misty, a large flock of lambs dashed off among the hills in three different ways. The dog saw them scamper off, and went after them."

M. "O yes, I recollect now the whole story. Being dark the shepherd soon lost sight of his dog and of his lambs. All night he searched about in vain. But in the morning, as he was returning home sad and weary, to his delight he found all his lambs in a hollow nook, and his faithful servant keeping watch over them at the entrance."

H. "And on counting them, he found that not one of them was missing."

By this time it had left off raining; so the umbrella was folded up, and the three friends hastened home.

<i>dumb</i>	<i>agreed</i>	<i>broad</i>	<i>Scotch</i>	<i>uncle</i>	<i>search</i>
<i>wait</i>	<i>certain</i>	<i>sprang</i>	<i>saved</i>	<i>misty</i>	<i>seize</i>



GOD IN NATURE.


THERE'S not a leaf within the bower ;
There's not a bird upon the tree ;
There's not a dew-drop on the flower,
But bears the impress,* Lord ! of Thee.

Thy hand the varied leaf design'd,*
And gave the bird its thrilling tone ;
Thy power the dew-drop's tints combined,
Till, like the diamond's blaze,* they shone.

Yes ; dewdrops, leaves, and buds, and all,
The smallest, like the greatest things,
The sea's vast space, the earth's wide ball,
Alike proclaim the King of kings.

But man alone to bounteous* Heaven,
Thanksgiving's conscious strains* can raise ;
To favour'd man alone 'tis given,
To join the heavenly host in praise.

* *Impress*, stamp or mark. *Design'd*, planned. *Diamond's blaze* : the diamond is a precious stone that shines beautifully. *Bounteous*, kind and liberal. *Conscious strains*, songs of praise offered by one who knows and feels what he says.



DIURNAL MOTION OF THE EARTH.

im-mense thou-sand rap-id-ly ax-le
Al-might-y di-ur-nal un-der-stand ax-is

THE earth is like an immense ball. The distance round it is nearly 25,000 miles. A man can walk about twenty-five miles a day. If he could keep on at this rate, it would take him a thousand days, or nearly three years, to walk as far as it is around the world.

This immense globe on which we live has nothing to rest upon. Nor has the moon; and yet we see it does not fall from the sky. The Almighty, that made the earth and the moon, knows how to keep them from falling. Nor does the earth keep still in one place. It moves so smoothly that we do not feel its motion, but it *does* move, and very rapidly too. The sun seems to move and the earth to stand still; but in truth it is the earth that moves and the sun that keeps still. Any one who has gone by train must have seen the trees and hedges all in motion; yet of course they are really standing still.

You must now try to understand what kind of a motion the earth has. The earth turns round and round like a wheel. Only a wheel has an axle to turn *upon*, and the earth has nothing. But since the earth *turns round*, as if it had something like an axle going

right through the middle of it, we say that it moves on its *axis*. If you take a knitting-needle and pass right through the middle of an orange, and then make it turn round upon the needle, you will see what is meant by the earth turning round on its *axis*. Only you must bear in mind that the *axis* is not a real thing, but only a line that we *suppose* to pass through the middle of the earth. The earth turns round upon its *axis* once every twenty-four hours. And so this motion of the earth on its *axis* is called its daily or *diurnal* motion.

Let us now see what is the object of this diurnal motion. If you hold a ball before a candle, one half of it will be light and the other dark. So it is with the world—the half turned *to* the sun is light, and the half turned *from* the sun is dark. If the earth did not move, the light of the sun would always fall upon the same half; and so the people in one half of the world would always have day, and those in the other half would always have night. But by the daily motion of the earth on its *axis*, each half of the world is in turn light and dark. And so the motion of the earth on its *axis* causes the change of day and night.

<i>smoothly</i>	<i>daily</i>	<i>truth</i>	<i>earth</i>	<i>knitting</i>	<i>meant</i>
<i>causes</i>	<i>hedges</i>	<i>once</i>	<i>wheel</i>	<i>needle</i>	<i>object</i>



DICTIONARY EXERCISES**ON THE MORE DIFFICULT WORDS IN PRECEDING LESSONS.**

9.

1. Bread is the staff of life, because it supports our strength. 2. A cheap loaf is the poor man's best friend. 3. Flour is made into bread, biscuits, and cakes, and into paste for pies and puddings. 4. Barley is used by the brewer to make malt for beer. 5. Dough is made of flour and yeast. 6. If you buy a loaf at the baker's, see you get full weight.

10.

1. From milk we get cream, butter, and cheese. 2. Rennet, used in making cheese, is got from a calf's stomach. 3. A dairy should be kept clean and cool. 4. A cow is valued chiefly for her milk. 5. Cream is skimmed off the new milk and made into butter. 6. A cow's horns and bones are made into handles for knives. 7. Glue is made from her hoofs.

11.

1. There is a great variety of dogs. 2. A mastiff is a fierce dog, and guards his master's house. 3. A spaniel is a faithful creature. 4. A terrier is a lively companion. 5. Many stories are told of these dumb animals. 6. A tailor uses a needle, but not a knitting-needle. 7. The earth turns rapidly on its axis once a day.

12.

1. A baker *kneads* the *dough* with his hands. 2. That beggar is in *need* of bread and clothes. 3. A female *deer* is called a *doe*. 4. Tell the baker, my *dear*, to give you full *weight*. 5. Ask him if his bread is cheap or *dear*. 6. Please *wait* for me till I come. 7. *Sour milk* turns into curds and whey. 8. Which is the *way* to London?

CATECHETICAL LESSONS

ON

INFORMATION PREVIOUSLY GIVEN.

Bread.—*How is Wheat turned into Flour?* By grinding it in a mill.

How is this done? In a mill are two large flat round stones placed one on the other. The upper one is made to turn round, and so it crushes the wheat let in between the two stones.

What is made from Flour besides Bread? Biscuits and cakes, and paste for pies and puddings.

What is wanted besides Flour for making Bread? Salt, water, and yeast.

What is Yeast? A kind of thick froth from beer. It is used to make the bread light and spongy.

What is Dough? Bread before it is baked.

Butter and Cheese.—*How is Cream made into Butter?* By churning it.

What is a Churn? It is a kind of barrel, and inside is a flat piece of board, which is moved about by a handle passing through a hole in the top of the barrel.

How is the Cream churned? It is put into the churn, and the handle is quickly moved up and down, till the cream turns into lumps of butter.

What is Cheese made from? From the curds of milk, but not of sour milk.

How is sweet Milk made to curdle, or turn into Curds and Whey? By pouring into it some rennet, which is got from a calf's stomach.

What is done next? The curds are put into a cheese-vat.

What is the Vat like? It is a box in shape and size like a cheese, with holes in the bottom for the whey to drain off.

What is done with the Vat when filled with Curds? It is put into a cheese-press under a heavy weight, so that all the whey is squeezed out, and nothing but the solid curd left.

The Dog.—*Name some of the largest kinds of Dogs.* The Newfoundland, a good-natured dog, and a capital swimmer; the dogs of St. Bernard, kept by the monks to rescue travellers from the snow on the Alps; and the mastiff, kept to guard his master's house.

Name some of the smallest kinds. The terrier, a lively companion, and useful in hunting rats, etc.; the lap-dog, a pet with ladies; and the poodle, the quickest at learning tricks.

Name some of the Dogs used by Sportsmen. The greyhound, so swift of foot; the spaniel, so useful in scenting out game, such as hares; and the foxhound, for hunting foxes.

Which is the most useful of Dogs? The sheep-dog ranks first in usefulness: without his help the shepherd would be unable to manage his flocks on the hills.

Diurnal Motion of the Earth.—*What is the size of the Earth?* It is 25,000 miles round.

How often does it turn round? Once in twenty-four hours.

What does the Earth turn upon? It does not really turn upon anything, but it is said to turn upon its axis.

What is the Axis? It is a line supposed to go through the centre or middle of the earth, just like an axle goes through the middle of a wheel.

What is the motion of the Earth upon its axis called? Its diurnal or daily motion.

What is caused by this Diurnal motion? The change of day and night. If the earth were to stand still, one half of the earth would always be light and the other half always dark.

What makes the Sun appear to move from east to west? The motion of the earth from west to east.

THE HORSE.

PART I.

in-tel-li-gent em-ploy-ed en-ga-ged reck-on-ed
ap-pear-ance al-low-ed fa-mil-i-ar fright-en-ed
cau-tious-ly po-si-tion ex-pect-ed con-clude

THE horse is the most useful servant of man, and one of the most intelligent of brutes. In early times the horse was chiefly employed in war, whilst the ox took its place upon the farm to draw the cart and the plough. But at the present day the horse is engaged in a great many useful ways.

The horse feeds upon grass, hay, oats, and beans. His front teeth have sharp edges to crop the grass. By means of the broad teeth in the back part of his mouth, he is able to grind up the corn as fine as in the best mill. The age of a horse, when less than eight years old, can be reckoned by the number and appearance of his teeth.

The hoof of a horse is hard enough for wear, when he is allowed to run free about the fields; but on our hard stony roads his hoof would wear away faster than it could grow, unless it were shod. The blacksmith, in nailing on his iron shoes, has to be careful to drive the nails through the outer part of the hoof, *where the horse has no more feeling than we have in the outer rim of our nails.*

You may tell whether a horse is pleased or not by the movement and position of his ears. He pricks them up on hearing the familiar voice of his master, or when he wishes to catch some distant sound; he lays them back on his head when angry or frightened. If left to himself, when afraid of anything, he will walk around it again and again, always drawing a little closer to the object of his fear. On getting within reach of it, he will cautiously stretch out his neck as far as he can, merely touching the dreaded object with his nose, as though he expected it to fly at him. After he has repeated these touches a few times, and found out that it will do him no harm, he is then, in most cases, ready to be friendly. From this we may conclude that the horse learns the nature of a thing better by feeling it with his nose, than by merely looking at it.

serrant chiefly eight edges merely beans
touching friendly iron object afraid nature

THE HORSE.

PART II.

A-ra-bi-a char-ac-ter ag-on-y fa-vour-ite
de-cay-ed star-va-tion ten-dons gloss-y

THE horse is remarkable for his beauty and strength.

Look at his fine arched neck, his long flowing mane and tail, his glossy skin, and the graceful shape of his body. You see at once he is formed for speed if of slender make, or for drawing heavy loads if his limbs are stout. Though so powerful, he can by wise and kind treatment be made gentle and docile. The character of any horse depends very much upon the way he was trained when young. The Arabs are the best trainers. In Arabia, a horse is often the pet of the family, and lives in the same tent. The children play about their favourite, lie upon his neck and between his legs, and treat him as if he were a good-natured dog.

The horse that has learnt to love his master will try to please him. He will often overtask his strength rather than refuse to obey him. Horses have been known to break the tendons of their legs in trying to draw a heavy load. Kind usage is always found the best way of making this noble creature a good, useful servant.

Horses not only love their masters who treat them well, but they also show affection to each other. A poor old war-horse had been in many a battle, and was now spending his latter days in peace. But in his old age his teeth were so decayed that he was unable to chew his hay or grind his oats. The poor *animal* must have died of starvation, had it not been for two horses who ate with him. They drew the hay

out of the rack, chewed it, and put it before their aged comrade, and in the same way prepared for him his share of oats.

Many stories are told of horses, to show how thoughtful they are. A cart-horse was drawing a cart without a driver, in a narrow country lane, when he saw before him his master's little child sitting down at play in the middle of the road. The horse took hold of the little child by its clothes, and lifted it aside, and then went on his way.

There was another horse that used to be shod by a Mr. Gow, of Dundee, who was not only a blacksmith, but a horse-doctor. This horse was very ill, and in great pain. His master used to send him over to Mr. Gow, who always gave him something that eased his pain. One day the poor beast was in great agony; he broke his halter, and so got away from his stable, and then trotted off on his own account to Mr. Gow's smithy. There he stood moaning, as if to say, I am very bad,—please send for the doctor. But Mr. Gow's man was so stupid, that he did not know what the horse wanted to say. So he took a stick and drove the poor creature home again, and in a quarter of an hour the horse was lying dead in his stall.

<i>beauty</i>	<i>stupid</i>	<i>arched</i>	<i>halter</i>	<i>family</i>	<i>trotted</i>
<i>heavy</i>	<i>doctor</i>	<i>usage</i>	<i>quarter</i>	<i>docile</i>	<i>clothes</i>

THE DROWNING FLY.

In yonder glass behold a drowning fly ;
 Its little feet how vainly * does it ply !
 Its cries we hear not—yet it loudly cries,
 And gentle hearts can feel its agonies.*

Poor helpless insect ! and will no one save ?
 Will no one snatch thee from a watery grave ?
 My finger's tip shall prove a friendly shore :
 There, trembler—all thy dangers now are o'er.

Wipe thy wet wings, and banish * all thy fear :
 Go, join thy numerous * kindred * in the air.
 Smile not, spectators,* at this humble deed ;
 An act of kindness well becomes our creed.*

* *Vainly*, to no purpose. *Agonies*, great pain. *Banish*, dr
 away. *Numerous*, a great many. *Kindred*, relations. *Specta*
tors, people looking on. *Creed*, what we believe.



A BIRD'S NEST.

com-fort-a-ble med-ley clev-er-est cal-i-c
 ar-range-ment en-e-mies ma-te-ri-als ex-am-
 de-scrip-tion con-struct rav-el-lings wor-st

Most birds build nests of some sort ; but while some
 are content with a rude jumble of sticks and straw

weave theirs with the greatest care and skill. Larger birds seldom take much pains about their

I suppose their young ones do not need so stable a dwelling. But the smaller birds for the most part construct their nests with wonderful skill.



The goldfinch, for example, makes a very pretty nest. In most cases the cock-bird helps his mate to build it; but in the case of the goldfinch the hen-bird does all the work,—and very cleverly she does it. She uses moss and fine roots for the outer wall, and binds these together with spiders' webs. Then she lines the inside with thistle-down, and this is kept in place by the aid of horse-hair or bristles.

The common sparrow, on the other hand, is a careless builder. But though it shows but little taste in

the arrangement of its nest, it manages to make a home out of odd bits and scraps for its family of four or five. And that is more than the cleverest man in the world could do out of the same materials,—though the little sparrow has only its beak and claws to work with, whilst he may use as many tools as he likes. Here is Mary Howitt's charming description of a sparrow's dwelling that had been blown out of an old elm tree:—

“What a medley thing it is !

I never saw a rat like this,—

Not neatly wore with decent care,
Of silvery moss and shining hair ;

But put together, odds and ends,
Picked up from enemies and friends :
See, bits of thread and bits of rag,
Just like a little rubbish bag.

There is a scrap of red and brown,
Like an old washerwoman's gown ;
And here is muslin pink and green,
And bits of calico between.

See, hair of dog, and fur of cat,
And ravellings of a worsted mat,
And shreds of silk, and many a feather
Compacted cunningly together.”

If boys only knew what pains the small birds take to make a comfortable home for their young ones, and *what pain they feel on seeing it destroyed, they surely*

could not find the heart to tear down one of their pretty nests, and make the clever little builders grieve that all their labour has been in vain.

thistle jumble grieve dwelling feather destroy
bristle rubbish weave shining labour muslin

THE OX.

es-pe-ci-al-ly sad-dler car-pen-ter sup-plies
 in-debt-ed an-i-mals tho-rough-ly moist-en-ed
 swal-low-ed haunch-es mead-ows in-ter-est-ing

THERE are few animals more thoroughly useful to man than the ox, or whose loss we should feel more deeply. To the ox we owe our roast beef. To the young ox, or calf, we owe our veal pies. And to the cow especially we are indebted for countless comforts. When alive, she supplies us with milk, butter, and cheese; when dead, every part of her body is turned to account. The carpenter would find himself much at a loss for glue, if all the cows and oxen were suddenly to disappear; the saddler and shoemaker would, in that case, find leather much scarcer; and the cutler would have more blades than he could well find handles for.

I once heard a little boy say, he thought the oxen had a fine time of it. They have nothing to do, he thought, but eat, and sleep, and grow fat. This is not exactly true. When you see them in the meadows cropping the grass, they are really busy at work. They are not then enjoying their food; they are really collecting their food for dinner.

To understand this, you must know that the ox has more than one stomach. When he first swallows his food, it only enters the first stomach. This is called a *paunch*, and is a kind of bag in which the food is moistened. When the paunch is full, the ox sits down on his haunches to enjoy his dinner. He brings up the food he has swallowed, in the shape of little balls; each of these he turns over and over in his mouth, until it is fit to be passed into his true stomach. This is called *chewing the cud*; and while thus engaged, the ox may be said to be sitting down at a feast. But while standing up to graze, he is busily preparing the feast.

It is very interesting to watch a herd of cows and calves. The oldest cow acts as the leader and commander. She is the first to go through the gateway, both in going and returning from the field. When a calf is admitted for the first time into a farm-yard, she is regarded as a little scholar come to school for the *first time*. Wherever the herd goes, she has to take *the last place*. If she steps in front of one of her

elders, she is punished by a stab with the horns. When they go to take their food from the rack, she has to wait until all the rest have taken their places. But if the new-comer should be a heifer—that is, a young cow not fully grown—she will not submit to this rule. She is like a big girl come to school, and she will fight with the younger heifers and calves, if they do not let her go before them.

<i>heifer</i>	<i>stomach</i>	<i>really</i>	<i>glue</i>	<i>scarcer</i>	<i>scholar</i>
<i>calves</i>	<i>leather</i>	<i>exactly</i>	<i>chew</i>	<i>engaged</i>	<i>handle</i>

THE SHEEP.

<i>val-u-a-ble</i>	<i>del-i-cate</i>	<i>nib-bling</i>	<i>hast-i-ly</i>
<i>cau-tion</i>	<i>a-mu-sing</i>	<i>crop-ping</i>	<i>moun-tain</i>
<i>quar-rel</i>	<i>cu-ri-ous</i>	<i>skip-ping</i>	<i>climb-ing</i>

THE sheep is a very valuable animal. Not only does its flesh supply us with mutton, and its warm coat with wool for clothing; but its skin is made into leather, and its fat is melted down into tallow for candles. The flesh of the lamb is very delicate, and its skin is turned to account in making gloves.

Lambs are born in the winter season, and even in the coldest weather they may be seen skipping about the fields, and nibbling turnips, or cropping grass. It

is pleasant in spring to see the fields dotted with the white-coated lambs, and to watch them as they frisk about, or run bleating after their mothers for a drink of milk. It is amusing to see them bobbing their heads against their mother's body, and wagging their long tails whilst drinking.

About April, when the warm weather begins, a man comes to shear the sheep. He first takes the sheep to a stream of clear water, and dips them in to wash their fleeces. He then takes a large pair of shears, and neatly clips off all their wool close to the skin. The poor dumb creatures are quite harmless, and as soon as they have got over their fright, they lie still to be shorn, just as we sit still to have our hair cut.

The sheep is in general a very timid animal. It is, however, very bold in climbing the steep rocky sides of a mountain, or in walking along the sides of the cliffs that overlook the sea. If you come suddenly upon some sheep lying near the edge of a cliff, they will scamper hastily away with many a leap, where a man could only creep along with the greatest caution. When they quarrel among themselves, they deal each other blows with their heads, which can be heard at some distance. A fight between two rams seems to be an attempt to prove which has the hardest head. They walk backwards to a certain distance, and *then rush together*, as if they would ram in each other's *skulls*. This is done again and again, till one of them

gives up, and walks away, and thus owns himself beaten.

Sheep seem to be rather silly creatures. They have a curious habit of doing the same as the one which happens to be ahead. If he jumps over a stick or straw in the middle of the road, all the others will leap when they come to the same spot. A flock of sheep have been known to throw themselves over a cliff into the sea, merely because the leader happened to jump over.

<i>mutton</i>	<i>clothing</i>	<i>gloves</i>	<i>timid</i>	<i>scamper</i>	<i>season</i>
<i>tallow</i>	<i>candles</i>	<i>skulls</i>	<i>certain</i>	<i>distance</i>	<i>shear</i>

HEAVEN.

God's blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth :
It teems with foliage, fruits, and flowers,
And rings with childhood's mirth.

If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound ;
How beautiful beyond compare
Will heaven itself be found !



THE MARINER'S SONG.

A wet sheet * and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
That fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant * mast :
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
*Old England on the lee.**

“Oh, for a soft and gentle wind !”

I heard a fair one cry ;

But give to me the snoring breeze,

And white waves heaving high :

And white waves heaving high, my boys,

The good ship tight and free—

The world of waters is our home,

And merry men are we.

There's tempest * in yon hornèd moon,

And lightning in yon cloud ;

And hark the music, mariners,*—

The wind is piping loud :

The wind is piping loud, my boys,

The lightning flashing free—

While the hollow oak * our palace is,

Our heritage * the sea.

* *A wet sheet*, a sail drenched by the waves. *Gallant*, fine, splendid. *Lee*, the side sheltered from the wind. *Tempest*, storm. *Mariners*, sailors. *Hollow oak*, the ship made of oak. *Heritage*, what belongs to us from our birth.



ANNUAL MOTION OF THE EARTH.

jour-ney trav-el tem-per-a-ture e-qual-ly
 sea-sons au-tumn un-der-stand an-nu-al

THE earth has two motions. It is like a wheel that

turns round on its axle, and at the same time moves onward. Whilst the earth moves round on its axis, it goes onward, and in the course of a year makes a journey around the sun.

To understand this: Suppose you put a candle in the middle of a round table, and then take an orange and keep on turning it round and round, while you carry it along the edge of the table. In going once around the table you ought to make the orange turn round 365 times. The candle stands for the sun, and the orange for the earth, and the edge of the table for the path in which the earth travels around the sun. In making one journey around the sun, the earth takes a year, or 365 days, and during that time it turns 365 times on its axis.

The earth, then, has two motions. It turns round on its axis once a day: this is called its daily or *diurnal* motion. And it travels around the sun once a year: this is called its yearly or *annual* motion. We have seen that the diurnal motion of the earth causes the change of day and night. Let us now see what is the effect of the annual motion.

If the earth did not travel around the sun—if it kept turning round and round on its axis without moving onwards—every day at the same place would be equally hot or equally cold. But by the yearly motion of the earth round the sun, we get more of the sun at one part of the year than at another. And so,

instead of always having it hot or always cold, we get a change of temperature in passing from one part of the year to another. On account of these changes in the temperature, we divide the year into four parts called seasons. The four seasons are named spring, summer, autumn, winter. And so the annual motion of the earth round the sun causes the change of seasons.

<i>axis</i>	<i>orange</i>	<i>causes</i>	<i>moving</i>	<i>summer</i>	<i>divide</i>
<i>axle</i>	<i>earth</i>	<i>yearly</i>	<i>instead</i>	<i>winter</i>	<i>motion</i>



EVERY LITTLE HELPS.

WHAT, if a drop of rain should plead—

“So small a drop as I
Can ne’er refresh the thirsty mead ;
I’ll tarry in the sky.”

What, if the shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day ?

Does not each rain-drop help to form
The cool, refreshing shower ?
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower ?

DICTATION EXERCISES

ON THE MORE DIFFICULT WORDS IN PRECEDING LESSONS.

13.

1. Do not permit your tongue to use rough, rude words. 2. An echo gives back the sound of our voices. 3. A naughty boy uses bad language. 4. People should not complain, if they are treated as they deserve. 5. I was vexed to hear them call my companion ill names. 6. Cruel boys are enemies to little birds. 7. Birds are very clever builders ; they construct their nests out of all sorts of odd materials.

14.

1. A horse knows the familiar voice of his master. 2. He is a docile and intelligent creature, and a most useful servant. 3. The age of a horse may be reckoned by the number and appearance of his teeth. 4. A horse shows when he is angry or pleased by the position and movement of his ears. 5. He cautiously touches with his nose any object he is half-afraid of. 6. The horse has an arched neck and a glossy coat.

15.

1. The character of a horse depends very much on the way he was trained when young. 2. The poor birds grieve when their nests are destroyed. 3. A heifer is in size between a cow and a calf. 4. The ox supplies the saddler and shoemaker with leather, and the cutler with handles for knives. 5. Cows are happy when lying on their haunches in the meadows and chewing the cud. 6. A cow has more than one stomach.

16.

1. The sheep is a very valuable animal. 2. It is pleasant to see the lambs skipping about the meadows, while their mothers are nibbling turnips or cropping grass. 3. It is amusing to see them bobbing their heads against their mother's body, and wagging their tails whilst drinking. 4. The flesh of the lamb is very delicate ; its skin is used in making gloves. 6. Two rams, in fighting, try to batter in each other's skulls.

CATECHETICAL LESSONS

ON

INFORMATION PREVIOUSLY GIVEN.

The Horse.—On what does the Horse feed? On grass, hay, oats, and beans.

How may you tell the age of a Horse? By the number and appearance of his teeth, when under eight years of age.

Why is a Horse shod? To prevent his hoof from wearing away too fast, and so causing lameness.

How may you tell whether a Horse is pleased or not? By the movement and position of his ears. He lays them back when alarmed or angry.

How does he find out what a thing is like? By touching it with his nose.

Upon what does the character of a Horse greatly depend? Upon the kind of training he gets when young. If treated kindly he becomes gentle and docile.

Where are Horses best trained? In Arabia, where a horse lives in the same tent as his master, and is treated as a playmate by the children.

The Ox.—Of what use is the Ox? Its flesh supplies us with beef, its skin with leather, its horns and bones with handles for knives, and its hoofs with glue.

What do we get from a Cow besides these things? Milk, butter, and cheese.

What is a Heifer? A young cow.

What do we get from the Calf? Its flesh is served up as veal, and its skin is much used in binding books.

What is chewing the cud? Animals like the cow and sheep eat their food over again, and this is called chewing the cud. Such animals have more than one stomach.

What good example does a herd of Cows set to young people? They always show respect for their elders. The oldest cow acts as leader, and walks at the head; the youngest has to take the hindmost place, and to wait till last for her turn.

The Sheep.—In what ways is the Sheep serviceable to us? Its flesh provides

us with mutton, its wool with cloth, its skin with leather, and its fat with tallow.

And what do we get from the Lamb? Its skin is made into gloves, and its flesh is eaten as a delicacy.

How are Sheep shorn? Their greasy coats are first washed in a stream; then the shearer places one of the sheep between his legs, and clips off the wool with a pair of shears.

When is this done? About April, when the warm weather begins. Before the next autumn the wool has grown again.

How do two Rams fight? They walk backwards to a certain distance, and then rush at each other, head to head, to see whose skull is the hardest. This they do again and again, till one walks off beaten.

What very silly trick have Sheep? Whatever one does, however silly it may be, all that follow do the same.

Annual Motion of the Earth.—What journey does the Earth make in the course of a year? A journey round the sun.

How many times does it spin round on its axis while making this journey? 365 times; and as it spins round upon its axis once a day, it takes 365 days to go round the sun.

What is this motion round the Sun called? The earth's yearly or annual motion; because it takes a year to go all round and come back to the same point again.

What arises from this annual motion of the Earth? The change of the seasons.

How does this happen? As the earth proceeds on its journey round the sun, first one part, and then another, is brought more directly under it, and so gets more of its rays. In summer our part of the world is more directly under the sun than it is in winter.

DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.

PART I.

fan-ci-ed wag-gon-er an-swer-ed dis-turb-ed
re-ceiv-ed con-tain-ing re-solv-ed pa-tient-ly
ser-vice em-ploy-ment fa-mous has-ten-ed

HAVE you ever heard the story of Dick Whittington and his cat? Dick was a poor little boy: his parents were both dead, and he had not a friend in the wide, wide world. He was, however, strong and willing to work. He had heard of London, and thought he was sure to find work there. So he tied up a little bundle, containing all he had in the world, and started off.

Dick did not know the great city was so far away. He trudged on day after day, weary and footsore; before he came in sight of London, he had spent his last penny. With a sad heart he sat down by the wayside and thought he would never reach the famous city. While he was resting on a heap of stones, a waggon came up; and the waggoner asked him where he was going.

"To London," said Dick.

"Do you know any one there?"

"No," answered Dick; "but I am sure if I was once there, I could get some employment, and perhaps make *my fortune*."

The waggoner shook his head, and offered him a seat in his waggon.

That same day Dick reached the great city, and walked about its gay streets in wonder. Dick took notice of everything and everybody, but no one took notice of him; they all seemed too busy. When night came on, poor Dick sat down to rest on the steps of a large house, and being very weary, soon fell asleep. The owner of the house, coming home late that night, found the boy asleep at his door. He awoke him, and on hearing his tale agreed to take him into his service.

But Dick's troubles were not ended. He had to run errands, to clean the silver, to bring fuel for the fires, and to help the cook. But the cook was very cross, and often scolded him, and even beat him. At night he slept in a garret, and his sleep was disturbed by rats and mice, which would sometimes jump on to his bed, and even run across his face. Hearing of this trouble, a poor woman, who came to help in the kitchen, gave him a cat; and as Dick had no other friend, he and his cat soon became very fond of each other.

But the bad treatment which Dick received from the cook was at length more than he could bear. So with his bundle under his arm, and his cat at his heels, he left the house one morning before dawn. Just outside the city he sat down on the stile of a churchyard, took pussy upon his lap, and began to think of the past.

and the future. A year ago he had entered London friendless, but hopeful ; he was now leaving it again as friendless as ever, but far from hopeful.

Just as Dick rose to go on his journey, the bells from



the church rang out a merry peal. The boy listened to their sweet music until he fancied they spoke to him. They seemed to say,—

“ Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London ! ”

The voice of the bells gave new hope to the poor

boy, and he hastened back again, resolved to do his duty, and bear his troubles patiently.

<i>trudged</i>	<i>weary</i>	<i>busy</i>	<i>thought</i>	<i>future</i>	<i>trouble</i>
<i>bundle</i>	<i>waggon</i>	<i>city</i>	<i>fuel</i>	<i>fortune</i>	<i>music</i>

DICK WHITTINGTON.

PART II.

nar-ra-tive in-vi-ta-tion anx-i-ous pack-a-ges
car-ri-age dil-i-gence as-ton-ish-ed o-pin-i-on
mer-chant bus-i-ness part-ner-ship up-right-ness

DICK's master was a merchant; and whenever he sent one of his ships on a long voyage, he used to ask his servants if they had anything to send. The captain was told to sell whatever they sent, and bring back the money to them. On the day after Dick's return, his master informed the servants that he was about to send a ship to Africa. So they all packed up what things they could spare, and carried the packages to the ship. But poor Dick sent nothing.

At length the day came for the ship to sail. The merchant and his little daughter went to the ship to see her off. The little daughter saw Dick looking on, and asked him what he had sent.

"Nothing," said Dick.

"Have you nothing to send?"

"Nothing at all," answered Dick,—*"unless indeed a cat."*

"Why not send it?" said his young mistress.

The ship was ready to sail, but the merchant said it should wait for the cat. Dick ran home for his cat, and soon afterwards saw the ship leave the dock with his best friend on board. With a heavy heart poor Dick went to bed that night.

Months and months passed away; and Dick had almost forgotten his cat, when the ship returned. All the servants were anxious to know what good fortune the captain had brought them. What was their surprise to hear that he had far more money for Dick than for all the rest put together!

It seems, from the captain's narrative, that when the vessel reached one part of the coast of Africa, he and his crew were treated in a very friendly way by the king of the country. At his invitation, they went to dine with him. When the dinner was ready, and the guests were about to sit down, a host of mice ran out from their holes and almost covered the table. The sailors were astonished at this, and the king and queen told them they did not know how to get rid of these pests. The captain said he had an animal on board that would soon clear them away. The king and queen were delighted at this news, and offered to give a large sum, in gold and silver, for such an animal. So the

captain sent one of the sailors to the ship, and pussy was brought. The queen, who had never seen a cat before, was much pleased with his beautiful skin and soft velvety paws. Still more pleased was she on the following day, when the dinner was brought in, to see the cat spring among the host of mice, killing many, and chasing the rest back to their holes. In a day or two not a mouse was to be seen. So the cat was left with the queen in exchange for a large sum of money.

Dick was now the master of this money; and with it he began business as a merchant, in partnership with his late master. Dick by his honesty, uprightness and diligence, won the good opinion of his partner and the hand of his daughter. And, strange to say, what the bells said came true—Whittington became Lord Mayor of London. And if ever you go to the Mansion House, where the Lord Mayor lives, you will see there a picture of Whittington and his cat.

<i>voyage</i>	<i>captain</i>	<i>daughter</i>	<i>guest</i>	<i>velvety</i>	<i>mayor</i>
<i>money</i>	<i>sailor</i>	<i>mistress</i>	<i>queen</i>	<i>honesty</i>	<i>picture</i>



THE TRAVELLER'S RETURN.


SWEET to the morning traveller
The song amid the sky,
Where, twinkling in the dewy light,
The skylark soars on high.

And cheering to the traveller
The gales that round him play,
When faint and heavily he drags
Along his noontide way.

And when beneath the unclouded sun
Full wearily toils he,
The flowing water makes to him
A soothing melody.

And when the evening light decays,
And all is calm around,
There is sweet music to his ear
In the distant sheep-bell's sound.

But oh ! of all delightful sounds
Of evening or of morn,
The sweetest is the voice of love
That welcomes his return.



TEA.

cur-rant	myr-tle	min-ute	gro-cer
Chi-na-man	fla-vour	pre-serve	rap-id-ly
pa-ti-ent-ly	char-coal	ar-ranged	re-quire

ALL my young readers know how a cup of tea is made. They have seen their mother or sister take two or three spoonfuls of tea from the caddy, and put them into the teapot, and then pour in some boiling water. Perhaps they have often been told to wait patiently while the tea was "drawing"; for it takes a few minutes for the hot water to draw out the goodness or flavour of the tea. The little grains of tea which are put into the teapot are really so many leaves, which have been dried and curled up. After hot water has been poured upon them, they spread out into leaves. All of us must have seen these little brown leaves, when taken out of the teapot.

The tea-plant upon which these leaves grow is about the size of a currant-bush. It is an evergreen shrub, with leaves like the myrtle, and flowers like the wild rose. An evergreen is so called because the old leaves remain until the new ones come, so that it is green all the year round. The tea-plant is stripped of its green leaves three or four times in a year. The young tender leaves *picked in spring* make the finest tea.

Most of the tea which we drink comes from China—a country some thousands of miles away. The tea is brought over to us in ships. The Chinese look upon the tea-plant as their best friend on earth. In their country you may see a Chinaman and his family, all working upon a little plot of ground, with the tea-plants arranged in beautiful order. The young plants require careful tending and weeding for three years, before they have any leaves fit to be plucked.

When the time has come to gather the leaves, the people set about their work with the utmost care and pains. They pick off each leaf singly, and never with the naked fingers, but always with gloves on their hands. Though you may think this very slow work, yet so rapidly do their fingers move, that each person gathers about ten or twelve pounds a day.

The leaves must be dried or roasted, almost as soon as they are picked, to preserve their flavour. This is done by putting them into iron pans over a charcoal fire. Here they are stirred about, to keep them from being burnt. They are then removed with a little shovel, and thrown into a basket. Before the leaves get cool, they are rolled between the palms of the hands, till they become twisted and curled up, just as we see them come home from the grocer's.

*caddy leaves country people dried stirred putting
teapot shrub gather palms twist stripped weeding*

COFFEE.

pre-fer-red re-sem-bling pre-pa-ration ber-ries
ac-tu-al-ly ap-pear-ance plan-ta-tion fra-grant
jes-sa-mine com-pared shriv-el-led voy-age

LITTLE MARY and her brother James could not agree between themselves, whether tea or coffee made the nicest drink. Mary liked tea best, because her mother put more sugar into tea than into coffee. James preferred coffee, because more milk was added to coffee than to tea. So their mother, on coming into the room, settled the matter by saying that coffee is best in the morning and tea in the evening.

If my young readers have a coffee-mill at home, they may have had to grind the coffee for breakfast. If so, they will know that just as we get flour from grinding grains of corn, so we get coffee by grinding the seeds of coffee-berries.

Coffee is the seed contained in the berry of an ever-green shrub, which grows in hot countries, as in Arabia and the West Indies. The berry, when ripe, looks something like a cherry; but in the middle, in place of the cherry-stone, are two hard seeds, packed close together and covered by a kind of husk.

The coffee-plant, when full-grown, is lofty enough to be called a tree—being three times as tall as a man. *The coffee-trees have a beautiful appearance, when*

in bloom. They are covered with pretty star-like blossoms resembling the flower of the jessamine. The whole plantation becomes white and fragrant with blossoms in a single night. But they go away almost as quickly as they come, for they wither and fall in a day or two.

When the berries are ripe, they are gathered by labourers into bags slung round their necks. In some places cloths are placed beneath the trees, and the ripe berries shaken off. They are then spread out on mats in the fierce rays of the sun, and allowed to remain until the berries are quite shrivelled up. The seeds are then set free from their dried-up covering by means of heavy rollers drawn over them by cattle.

So that a poor coffee-berry has to undergo some severe treatment. It is first of all shaken down from the tree, and exposed to the sun till all its juice is dried up. It is then crushed by rollers till the poor pinched seeds are set free. The naked seeds are then dried in the sun till they lose their fresh green colour, and then they are packed up tight, in preparation for a long sea-voyage. But the treatment they have received in their own country is mild compared with that awaiting them in our country.

Here they are put in a close iron vessel over a fire, and actually roasted. And lastly, when taken home from the grocer's by some little boy or girl, instead of *being allowed* to end their days in peace, the poor

seeds are thrown into a mill and ground to
 . This dark brown powder is then put into a
 ot, and scalded to death with boiling water.

<i>nice</i>	<i>cherry</i>	<i>wither</i>	<i>blossom</i>	<i>tight</i>
<i>added</i>	<i>berries</i>	<i>lofty</i>	<i>powder</i>	<i>juice</i>

SUGAR.

<i>cult</i>	<i>ne-groes</i>	<i>la-bour-er</i>	<i>di-vi-ded</i>
<i>in-ed</i>	<i>syr-up</i>	<i>trea-cle</i>	<i>plan-ta-tion</i>
<i>ter</i>	<i>li-lac</i>	<i>li-liquid</i>	<i>mo-lass-es</i>

ere not for sugar, school boys and girls would
 know how to spend their pocket-money. But
 here is a "sweet-shop" at hand, they find no
 y in laying out their money to their liking.

beautiful white swan may be bought for a
 ay, and a hen with a brood of speckled chickens
 any.

r is obtained from the juice of a plant called the
 cane. This plant will only grow in hot coun-
 ce the West Indies; and there poor negroes have
 hard under a burning sun. The sugar-canes
 om six to twenty feet in height; they afford,
 r, a poor shade to the labourers, as the leaves

are very narrow and few. A tuft of leaves grows at the top of the cane, and out of it there shoots up a stem like a long silver arrow. This is crowned by a cluster of white flowers, fringed with lilac, and looking like a plume of feathers. Perhaps you think a sugar plantation must be a very beautiful sight when in flower. And so it would be, only the canes are cut down before the time has come for them to bloom.

When the canes are ripe, the sugar harvest begins. Negroes, with their black skins, broad-brimmed straw hats, and white cotton clothing, are sent out with bills to cut down the canes. The tops are cut off and laid aside as slips for planting. From these slips the young plants are reared. The rest of the stem is divided into pieces, about a yard long, and tied up into bundles.

The bundles are then taken in carts, drawn by oxen, to the sugar-mill; and there the canes are crushed between iron rollers, until all the sweet juice is squeezed out. This liquid juice is then mixed with lime-water, and boiled several times. At first the juice is of a greenish colour, but at last it looks like the golden syrup sold at the grocer's. As it cools, it changes into grains of sugar; but mixed with these grains is a great deal of treacle or molasses. So the whole is put into casks having holes in the bottom, through which the treacle drains. The sugar, when thus *drained*, is called raw or moist sugar. In this state

it is brought to England; and here a good part of it is made into white or loaf sugar.

<i>fringed</i>	<i>cotton</i>	<i>pieces</i>	<i>squeezed</i>	<i>arrow</i>	<i>grocer</i>
<i>speckled</i>	<i>clothing</i>	<i>colour</i>	<i>crushed</i>	<i>harvest</i>	<i>moist</i>



HONESTY.

A WOODMAN was felling a tree on the bank of a river, and by chance letting his hatchet slip out of his hand, it dropped into the water and sunk to the bottom. The man cut down a hooked stick, and tried in vain to draw it out. Just as he was giving up in despair, Mercury appeared to him, and hearing of his loss, dived to the bottom, and bringing up a golden hatchet asked if that were his.

The honest woodman said "No."

Then Mercury dived a second time, and brought up a silver one. Again the man declared that it was not his.

Upon this Mercury dived a third time, and produced the lost hatchet—which was at once owned.

So pleased was Mercury with the fellow's honesty, that he gave him the other two into the bargain, as a reward for his just dealing and truth-speaking.

AN OLD BALLAD.

THE WILL.

Now ponder well, you parents dear,
These words which I shall write ;
A doleful story you shall hear,
In time brought forth to light :
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolk dwelt of late,
Who did in honour far surmount*
Most men of his estate.*

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
Nor help his life could save ;
His wife by him as sick did lie,
And both possessed one grave.
No love between these two was lost,—
Each was to other kind ;
In love they lived, in love they died,
And left two babes behind :—

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not much past three years old ;
The other a girl more young than he,
And framed in beauty's mould.
The father left his little son,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age* should come
Three hundred pounds a year.



And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage day ;
Which might not be controlled.
But if the children chanced to die,
Ere* they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess their wealth—
For so the will did run.

* *Surmount*, go beyond. *Estate*, rank or class. *Perfect age*,
twenty-one years of age. *Ere*, before.

THE WICKED UNCLE.

THE parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them straight unto his house,
Where much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes,
A twelvemonth and a day,
When, for their wealth, he did devise *
To make them both away.

He bargained with two ruffians strong,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take these children young,
And slay them in the wood.
He told his wife an artful tale—
He would the children send
To be brought up in fair London,
With one that was his friend.

Away, then, went these pretty babes,
Rejoicing at that tide,*
Rejoicing with a merry mind,
They should on cock-horse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on their way,
To those that should their butchers be,
And work their lives' decay ;

So that the pretty speech they had,
Made murder's heart relent ;
And they that undertook the deed
Full sore did now repent.*
Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hired him
Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto :
So here they fall to strife ;
With one another they did fight
About the children's life :
And he that was of mildest mood
Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented* wood—
The babes did quake for fear!

* *Devise*, form a plan. *Tide*, time. *Repent*, were sorry. *Unrequented*, lonely.

THE BABES' SAD END.

He took the children by the hand,
Tears standing in their eye,
And bade them straightway follow him,
And look they did not cry.
And two long miles he led them on,
While they for bread complain :
"Stay here," quoth* he; "I'll bring you some,
When I come back again."

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
 Went wandering up and down,
 But never more could see the man
 Approaching* from the town.
 Their pretty lips with blackberries
 Were all besmeared* and dyed,*
 And when they saw the darksome night,
 They sat them down and cried.

Thus wandered these poor innocents,
 Till death did end their grief;
 In one another's arms they died,
 For want of due* relief.
 No burial this pretty pair
 Of any man receives,
 Till robin redbreast painfully*
 Did cover them with leaves.

* *Quoth*, says. *Approaching*, drawing near. *Besmeared*, rubbed over. *Dyed*, stained. *Due*, proper. *Painfully*, with pains or hard work.

THE LITTLE STRANGER.

o-be-di-ent o-bli-ging Ger-man-y shiv-er-ing
 lis-ten-ed sol-emn ex-act-ly com-fort-ed

In a small cottage, on the borders of a forest in Germany, lived a poor wood-cutter. He had a wife and two children; and good obedient children they were. *A wonderful story* is told about them. I cannot say

it is exactly true, but it is a pretty story, and teaches us to be kind to the needy.

One Christmas eve, the children were sitting with their father and mother around the blazing hearth, and speaking of the birth of Christ, and of the angels' visit to the shepherds. Outside, the wintry wind blew keen, and the snow lay deep upon the ground.

While eating their supper of coarse bread, a gentle tap was heard at the window, and a child's voice said, "Oh, let me in: I am a poor little child, with nothing to eat and no home to go to, and I shall die of cold and hunger unless you let me in!"

Up jumped the children and opened the door, saying, "Come in, poor child: we have but little to give you, but you shall share the little we have."

The shivering little stranger came in, and warmed his frozen hands and feet at the fire, and partook of supper with the children. Then they said, "You must be tired, poor child: come, and you shall sleep in our bed, and we will sleep on the bench before the fire."

Their little guest thanked them for their kindness, and wishing them "good-night," went to bed.

At early dawn these kind children were awakened by sweet music under the window. It was like the angels singing,—

"Hail, Holy Child, that now in peace dost sleep:
Rest to the weary, joy to all that weep!"

The children listened to the singing with solemn wonder. As the sweet voices died away, they stepped to the window, and were amazed to see a group of beautiful children dressed in white, with golden harps in their hands. And before they could recover from their surprise, there stood the little stranger before them, clad in white robes, with a golden crown on his head.

"I came to you," he said, "as a homeless child, and ye took me in and comforted me. And now you shall have my blessing for the love you have showed me."

A fir-tree grew near the house; and it is said that he broke off a twig and planted it in the ground, saying, "This twig shall grow into a tree; and, this time every year, it shall be laden with all good things for children who have loving hearts like you." And so from that eventful night, in every Christian land, when merry Christmas comes, there may be seen in many a happy home a "Christmas tree," rich in fruits of various kinds, and many other things both new and strange—all lighted up with gay lamps, and looking like a scene in fairy-land.

<i>border</i>	<i>needy</i>	<i>weary</i>	<i>teaches</i>	<i>hearth</i>	<i>amazed</i>
<i>stranger</i>	<i>wintry</i>	<i>laden</i>	<i>blazing</i>	<i>angel</i>	<i>supper</i>

THE CARDINAL POINTS.

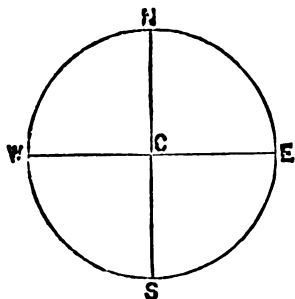
di-rect-ly in-stru-ment car-di-nal com-pass
par-tic-u-lar ba-lan-ced mar-i-ner op-po-site

YOU know the sailor guides his ship by turning the helm or rudder. But do you know how he finds out which way he has to go? There are no roads upon the sea, and no finger-posts to point the way. So he carries with him a little instrument called the *Mariner's Compass*, and this shows him the way to steer his ship.

The mariner's compass is a little box holding a particular kind of needle. This needle is balanced, so that it can easily turn round. The wonderful thing about this needle is—when it comes to a standstill, it always points to the same part of the sky. That part of the sky is called the *north*. So when the sailor is out of sight of land, when the sun is gone down and not a star is to be seen, he still knows which way to steer his ship; for he can look to his compass, with its needle pointing like a finger toward the north.

The north, then, is that part of the sky to which the compass points. The north is called one of the cardinal points. There are three other cardinal points—namely, east, south, and west. The east is that part of the sky where the sun rises; the south is that part where the sun is seen at midday; and the west is that

part of the sky where it sets in the evening. The north is directly opposite to the south. If, then, you stand with your back to the sun at noon, you will be facing the north, with the east on your right-hand and the west on your left-hand.



Suppose, then, a sailor is in a ship at C, and finds his compass points towards N. Then he knows that N is the north; and if N is the north, then S must be the south, E must be the east, and W the west.

When leaving school at midday, you can easily tell whether your way home is towards the north, the south, the east, or the west, by looking at the sun.

<i>guides</i>	<i>helm</i>	<i>needle</i>	<i>easily</i>	<i>pointing</i>	<i>north</i>
<i>carries</i>	<i>steer</i>	<i>rudder</i>	<i>facing</i>	<i>leaving</i>	<i>south</i>



 Dictation Exercises **ON THE MORE DIFFICULT WORDS IN PRECEDING LESSONS.**

 17.

1. Weary and footsore, the poor traveller trudged on to the end of his journey. 2. He came at last to the busy city. 3. A kind merchant received Dick into his service. 4. He sat down on a stile, and thought over his past troubles and his future fortune. 5. Dick heard the bells calling him Lord Mayor of London. 6. He resolved to return and patiently wait for better times. 7. Dick became a famous man.

 18.

1. The captain set out on a voyage in the merchant's vessel. 2. He was anxious to do a good business with the natives. 3. The queen was much pleased with pussy's beautiful coat and soft velvety paws. 4. Dick entered into partnership with his master and married his daughter. 5. The myrtle is an ever-green shrub. 6. Charcoal is burnt wood. 7. There are sixty minutes in an hour.

 19.

1. The tea-plant is about the size of a currant-bush. 2. The leaves are stripped off one by one from the tea-plant. 3. They are dried, and then rolled between the palms of the hands. 4. A coffee plantation in blossom is a beautiful sight. 5. The coffee berries are plucked or shaken off the tree. 6. The berries are spread out in the fierce rays of the sun, and allowed to remain till they become quite shrivelled up.

 20.

1. Sugar is obtained from the juice of the sugar-cane. 2. At the top of the cane grows a cluster of white flowers fringed with lilac. 3. Negroes, wearing broad-brimmed hats and cotton clothing, do most of the work in a sugar plantation. 4. The canes are divided into short pieces and tied up into bundles. 5. The sweet juice is squeezed out of the canes by heavy rollers. 6. A weary traveller sat at the blazing hearth one wintry night. 7. I was amazed at the sight of my long-lost brother.

CATECHETICAL LESSONS

ON

INFORMATION PREVIOUSLY GIVEN.

Tea.—*Describe the Tea-plant.* It is an evergreen shrub about the size of a currant-bush, with leaves like the myrtle.

What is an Evergreen? A plant which does not part with its old leaves till the new ones are come.

Which leaves make the best Tea? The young tender leaves gathered in spring.

How are they gathered? They are picked off singly, and care is taken not to crush them.

How are the leaves dried? By putting them into iron pans over a charcoal fire, and keeping them stirred.

What is next done with them? They are rolled between the palms of the hands till they become twisted and curled up.

Coffee.—*What is Coffee?* The seed contained in the berry of the coffee-plant.

Describe this berry. When ripe it looks something like a cherry, and in the middle are two hard seeds packed close together, and covered by a sort of husk.

How are the berries gathered? They are picked by labourers into bags slung round their necks; or matting is placed below the tree, and the ripe berries are shaken down.

What is next done with the berries? They are laid out in the sun till they become quite shrivelled up. Then they are passed between rollers and crushed just enough to set the seeds free.

Where does the Coffee-plant grow best? In hot countries like Arabia and the West Indies.

What is done with the seeds when they reach England? They are put into a shut-up iron vessel over a fire and roasted. They go in a pale green; they come out as black as a negro.

What is done with the roasted seeds? They are put into a mill and ground to powder; and it is this powder we put into our coffee-pots.

Sugar.—*What is Sugar obtained from?* The juice of the sugar-cane, which grows best in the West Indies and other hot countries near the sea,

Describe the Sugar-cane. It grows to a height of from six to twenty feet, with a tuft of leaves at the top.

Who are chiefly employed in Sugar plantations? Negroes, with their black skins, their broad-brimmed hats, and cotton clothing.

What is done with the Canes when ripe? The tops are cut off and laid aside as slips for planting. The rest of the cane is cut up into short pieces and tied in bundles.

What is done with these Canes at the Sugar-mill? They are crushed between iron rollers until all the sweet juice is squeezed out.

Why is the juice mixed with Lime-water? To purify it: after the lime-water is put in, a scum rises to the top, and this is skimmed off.

What remains? A liquid like the golden syrup sold at the grocer's. As this cools it turns into sugar mixed with treacle.

What is done next? It is put into barrels with holes in the bottom, through which the treacle drains off, leaving moist or raw sugar behind.

Cardinal Points.—*What is the use of the Mariner's Compass?* To enable a sailor to guide his ship to the right port.

How does it help him to do this? It always points towards that part of the sky called the north.

Name the Cardinal Points. North, south, east, and west.

Which is the East? That part of the sky where the sun rises.

Which is the West? Where the sun sets.

Which is the South? Where the sun is at midday.

Which is the North? Where the sun is never seen—or the part opposite to the south.

Which is the South wall of the School-room? That which faces the sun at twelve o'clock.

Which is the North wall? That opposite to the south.

THE ASS.

cli-mate	Je-ru-sa-lem	wil-der-ness	this-tles
be-lieve	ex-pect-ed	fa-vour-ite	tres-pass
nim-bly	hand-som-est	care-ful-ly	A-ra-bia

IF there were no horses in the world, the ass would be the animal we should prize most. Boys and girls in our country little think what a fine animal the ass is in some eastern countries, like Persia and Arabia, where it is kindly and wisely treated. The asses of Arabia are some of the handsomest animals in the world; their coat is smooth and clean; they carry the head high, and trot nimbly. The ass in olden times was highly valued in the Holy Land. We read in the Bible of princes and nobles riding on white asses. It was upon an ass that our Lord rode into Jerusalem as our King.

The ass thrives best in a warm and dry climate. See how wretched he looks, when standing in the street, with the rain pouring down upon him! He seems to thrive best on coarse fare. He is formed for the wilderness, where there is but coarse and scanty grass, with thistles and prickly plants. A little water is all he wants to quench his thirst; but he likes that little sweet and pure. He greatly dislikes to wet his feet; and, like a cat, will carefully pick his way so as to avoid every pool and puddle in the sloppy road.

The ass is far from being so stupid as he looks.

an ass is put into a field with some horses, and they all want to get into the next field, it is always the ass that leads the way, and shows them how it is to be done. The ass is always the one to find out how to open the gate, or where to break through the fence.

No one would believe how clever this animal may become, unless he has seen a favourite donkey, that has always been petted and well treated. Mr. Wood informs us that a petted donkey belonging to one of his friends was allowed to walk in the garden. But he was expected to keep off the flower-beds. Now one day the donkey broke the rule, and left the path to get a bite of some prickly plant. He was found out by the marks of his feet on the soft mould, and drubbed by the gardener for his trespass. The next time the donkey left his footmarks on the soil, he was seen to scrape the mould over them, in the hope that the gardener would not notice them.

The patient, contented ass is the poor man's friend, and his most useful drudge: he is strong, sure-footed, and hardy. He enables many a poor man to earn his living. It is a pity he is not better treated, both for the sake of the master, as well as his servant; for it is quite certain in the case of the donkey, as in every other, KINDNESS IS BEST.

<i>asses</i>	<i>valued</i>	<i>princes</i>	<i>thrives</i>	<i>quench</i>	<i>petted</i>
<i>donkey</i>	<i>wretched</i>	<i>nobles</i>	<i>thistle</i>	<i>thirst</i>	<i>drubbed</i>

THE OLD MAN AND HIS ASS.

bar-gain cu-ri-ous dis-mount-ed pre-sent-ly
trudg-ing whist-ling un-man-ner-ly shoul-ders
laugh-ter tum-bled fright-en-ed po-si-tion

AN old man and his son were driving an ass to the market to sell. "What a fool is this fellow," said a man upon the road, "to be trudging it on foot with his son, that his ass may go light!" The old man, hearing this, set his boy upon the ass, and went whistling by his side.

Presently they met another man. "You unmannerly boy," cried he, "to be riding, while your poor old father is on foot!" The father at once told his son to get off, and then mounted himself.

By-and-by they met two other men. "Do you see," said one of them to the other, "how that lazy old fellow takes his ease on the beast whilst his poor little boy is walking footsore and weary?" The old man no sooner heard this, than he said, "Jump up behind, my son."

The next man they met on the road was no better pleased. "Pray, honest friend," said he, "is that ass your own?"

"Yes," the old man replied.

"I should not have thought so, by your loading him in that way. Why, you and your son are better able to carry the poor beast, than he is to carry you!"

The old man wished to please everybody, so he prepared to carry his ass. He and his son dismounted, tied the legs of the donkey, and by the help of a pole tried to carry him upon their shoulders over the bridge that led to the town. The people ran in crowds to see this curious sight. The poor ass was quite frightened



at the noise and laughter of the people ; and not liking his new position, he gave a sudden jerk, broke the pole, and tumbled over the bridge into the river.

The poor old man made the best of his way home, *amid the jeers of the crowd.* He was vexed and

ashamed that, in trying to please everybody, he had pleased nobody, and lost his ass into the bargain.

<i>driving</i>	<i>vexed</i>	<i>lazy</i>	<i>jerk</i>	<i>tied</i>	<i>bridge</i>
<i>riding</i>	<i>pleased</i>	<i>beast</i>	<i>jeer</i>	<i>tried</i>	<i>crowd</i>



THE POND.

THERE was a round pond, and a pretty pond too,
About it white daisies and violets grew,
And dark weeping willows, that stoop to the ground,
Dipped in their long branches, and shaded it round.

One day a young chicken that lived thereabout,
Stood watching to see the ducks pop in and out,
Now turning tail upward, now diving below ;
She thought, of all things, she should like to do so.

So the poor silly chick was determined * to try ;
She thought 'twas as easy to swim as to fly :
Though her mother had told her she must not go near,
She foolishly thought there was nothing to fear.

" My feet, wings, and feathers, for aught * I can see,
As good as the ducks' are for swimming," said she :
" Though my beak is pointed, and their beaks are round,
Is *that* any reason that I should be drowned ?

"Why should I not swim, then, as well as a duck?
I think I shall venture,* and try what's my luck!"
For in spite of all that her mother had taught her,
"I'm remarkably fond," said she, "of the water."

So in this poor creature most foolishly flew,
But soon found her dear mother's cautions * were true:
She splashed, and she dashed, and she turned herself round,
And heartily wished herself safe on the ground.

But now 'twas too late to begin to repent,*—
The harder she struggled the deeper she went;
And when every effort she vainly * had tried,
She slowly sank down to the bottom and died!

* *Determined*, made up her mind. *Aught*, anything. *Venture*, risk. *Cautions*, warnings. *Repent*, to be sorry. *Vainly*, to no purpose.



THE ASS IN THE LION'S SKIN.

de-ceiv-ed of-fer-ed com-pe-ted ap-point-ed
im-pos-tor o-bli-ged de-ser-ved sur-pri-sed

THERE lived an ass in days gone by, that wished to
be a lion, or a bear, or some other wild beast. Now
one day, this foolish creature found a lion's skin, and
put it on. Then he went into the woods and fields,
and frightened the silly sheep.

He had not gone far, before he met his owner in a narrow lane. The ass thought to frighten his master; but the good man, seeing his long ears stand out, was not to be deceived. So taking a cudgel in his hand, he soon taught the impostor to care more for his own skin than the lion's.

Thus the poor beast found out what folly it is to make a false show. And so every person who pretends to be more clever or learned than he is, is like the ass in the lion's skin.

I once knew a schoolboy like this foolish ass. The master offered a prize to the boy who should draw the best map at home. But of course each scholar was expected to do it all himself. Well, six of the boys competed for the prize, and brought their maps on the appointed day.

One of the maps was well drawn, and beautifully coloured. It was by far the best, and belonged to John Roberts. All were surprised to see such a beautiful map done by this boy. And the master said that, before he gave the prize, he should like to have a copy made. So John sat down, with paper and pencil and india-rubber, and began to draw. But as soon as he drew a line, he rubbed it out again. He tried and tried for a whole hour, and then was obliged to confess that his cousin had drawn the map for him.

The master was very angry, and said he was like

the ass in the lion's skin; and that he deserved to be treated like that impostor.

<i>lion</i>	<i>scholar</i>	<i>silly</i>	<i>pencil</i>	<i>rubbed</i>	<i>folly</i>
<i>copy</i>	<i>creature</i>	<i>angry</i>	<i>cousin</i>	<i>cudgel</i>	<i>owner</i>



THE JACKDAW.

gen-er-al-ly so-ci e-ty ad-mired dis-grace-ful
 quar-rel-ling po-lice a-mu-sing im-i-tate
 con-stant-ly stee-ple vex-a-tion com-pan-ion

A JACKDAW is a kind of crow. He generally builds his nest in a church steeple, or some old ruin. He is a lively bird, and fond of society. But I am sorry to say, the whole family is a set of thieves. When building their nests, they pilfer from each other in a most disgraceful way. Yet they do not seem ashamed when found out. They not only steal sticks from each other's nests, but sometimes they occupy some snug corner, where others have begun to build. As they have no policemen to put the rogues in prison, they are constantly quarrelling with each other. At such times, their angry chatter may be heard far off.

The jackdaw is easily tamed. He readily learns *to imitate* our speech. He is a bold bird, and very

amusing with his pert, saucy tricks. You cannot, however, expect to keep a thief in your house, without losing some of your property. If a jackdaw takes a fancy to anything, he will watch his chance, and take it away and hide it. You cannot teach him to look upon thieving as wrong. He seems to take a pride in it.

A long, long time ago, one of these birds was vain as well as dishonest. Now, there happened to be a peacock kept in the same garden as himself. Of course the peacock was very much admired for his beautiful feathers. Jack did not like to be outdone by any bird. So he picked up some feathers which had fallen from the peacock, and stuck them among his own. Then he strutted up and down upon the wall of the garden, as he had seen the peacock do. But instead of being admired for his beauty, he was laughed at for his folly.

The peacock, on seeing him, fell upon him with great fury. He not only pecked out all the gay feathers, but almost stripped the poor bird of his own. The jackdaw returned in this sorry plight to his old companion, who had seen all that had taken place. His old friend turned her back upon him; and in less than a week the vain bird died of grief and vexation.

<i>ruin</i>	<i>wrong</i>	<i>pilfer</i>	<i>stripped</i>	<i>thief</i>	<i>thieving</i>
<i>fury</i>	<i>grief</i>	<i>saucy</i>	<i>strutted</i>	<i>thieves</i>	<i>rogues</i>

THE GOLDEN RAIN.

flat-ter-ed ad-van-tage pat-ter-ed butcher
val-u-a-ble re-fresh-ed plen-ti-ful peb-bles
flat ten-ed ve-ge-ta-bles cab-ba-ges po-ta-toes

LITTLE HARRY was standing at the window, with his nose flattened against one of the panes, watching the rain as it beat against the glass, and pattered down on the laurel leaves, and bent downwards the flowers after filling their tiny cups. There it hung in rows of bright beads from every plant in the garden.

Now Harry had long wished to be rich. He knew what fine things he could buy, if he only had a pocketful of money. And he knew that gold coins are the most valuable.

So he said to his mother, as his eyes rested on the bright drops of rain, "How I wish it would rain gold coins instead of raindrops!"

"And suppose it should rain gold coins all the year instead of water-drops?"

"Well, then we should be able to buy everything in the world that we wished for. I would buy a pony to ride; and Mary should have that beautiful doll she wants so much; and you, mother, would be able to keep a servant to do all the work."

"*But what should we get to eat?—for without rain nothing will grow.*"

"Oh! we should have plenty of money to buy all we wanted at the shops."

"Yes; but if nothing grew, nobody would have any food to sell. If no showers refreshed the earth, the ground would be parched, the grass would wither, the corn would shrivel up, and all the vegetables in our gardens would die. So the baker would have no bread to sell, and the greengrocer would have no cabbages or potatoes in his shop. Even the butcher would be obliged to shut up his shop; for all the cattle would die for want of grass."

"I see, then," said Harry, "it would not do for it to rain gold always. But wouldn't it be a fine thing if it rained gold coins once a week!"

"I don't think that would be any advantage to us," said his mother; "for in that case gold coins would soon be as plentiful as pebbles. And then if you took a handful of them to the baker, he would say, 'I don't want those common things; I can pick up as many as I like, whenever the gold-shower falls.'"

"I see now," said Harry, "God knows best what to send us."

<i>window</i>	<i>grew</i>	<i>wither</i>	<i>beads</i>	<i>baker</i>	<i>garden</i>
<i>laurel</i>	<i>coin</i>	<i>shrivel</i>	<i>shower</i>	<i>grocer</i>	<i>servant</i>



THE MAGPIE.

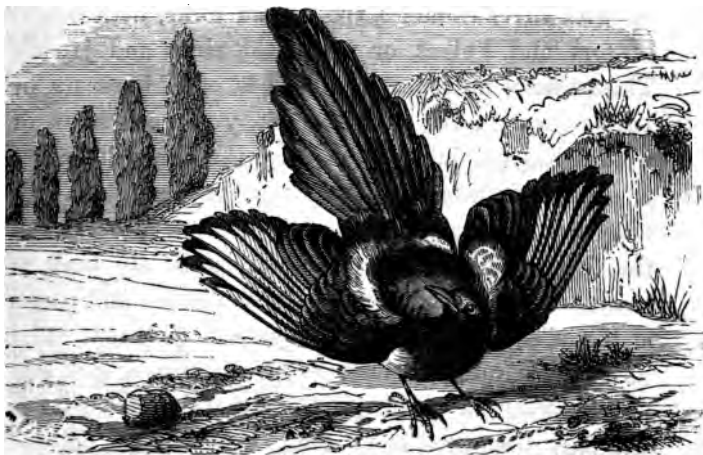
ex-treme-ly plu-mage sat-is-fied bal-ance
neigh-bour mis-chief im-pu-dent or-na-ment
dis-cov-ered scis-sors se-lects mur-der-cus

THE magpie belongs to the crow family; but its tail is much longer, and its plumage more beautiful—being partly white and partly purple, and extremely glossy. Its tail helps it to balance itself in walking; so that a magpie without a tail walks in a very uncertain way, like a drunken man. The magpie builds its nest with great skill, caution, and care. It selects a lofty tree, and places its nest on a branch that will not bear the weight of a man. While building, it tries in every way to avoid being seen. It is not satisfied with an open nest, like most birds, but constructs a roof of dry thorns, leaving a hole in the side of the nest to serve as a door. This roof is intended as a shelter from the rain, and as a means of keeping off the cats, hawks, and owls, which might try to steal its young.

This bird takes great care of its own young ones, but towards the young of other birds it is a cruel monster. When it has a young family to provide for, it is most daring in its murderous attacks upon the homes of its peaceful neighbours. It is also given to stealing the eggs in their nests; and this it does by *driving its bill right into the egg, and so bearing away its prize to its hungry nestlings.*

The magpie can be easily tamed and taught to speak. It is so fond of using its tongue, that "to chatter like a magpie" is a common saying. It is a bold, impudent bird, and remarkable for its love of mischief.

One of these tame birds was kept in a gentleman's



house. He was sometimes very amusing, but he often tried the temper of all the servants. If Mag saw the kitchen-maid scrubbing the floor, he would bring in dirt in his beak and scatter it about the part just cleaned, or walk all over it and leave patterns of his feet as an ornament on the white boards. If the boy *cleaned the boots* and left them in the passage, Mag

would soon do his best to take off the polish. Once the boy took off his white collar while cleaning the knives and forks; but when he came to put it on again, he found it had been dipped in the muddy water in the courtyard.

A magpie's love of mischief, or else his fondness for anything bright and shining, tempts him to hop off with silver thimbles, spoons and forks, with bright scissors and knives, or with gold rings and jewels. These things he hides in all kinds of odd corners, or buries them in the ground. Many a poor man or woman has got into trouble from the thievish habits of some tame magpie. The master or mistress having lost something valuable, wrongly suspects a servant of the theft; whereas the real thief is the sly bird in black and white, that hops about the house and pecks at the ankles of all the little boys and girls that come near him. Indeed, it once happened that a girl was put to death for stealing her master's watch; and it was only discovered when too late that a pet magpie was the true culprit.

<i>magpie</i>	<i>caution</i>	<i>ankle</i>	<i>thimble</i>	<i>muddy</i>	<i>scrubbing</i>
<i>culprit</i>	<i>peaceful</i>	<i>thorn</i>	<i>thievish</i>	<i>dipped</i>	<i>stealing</i>
<i>glossy</i>	<i>kitchen</i>	<i>buries</i>	<i>jewels</i>	<i>collar</i>	<i>driving</i>



THE ANT AND THE CRICKET.

A SILLY young cricket, accustomed to sing
Through the warm sunny months of the summer and spring,
Began to complain, when he found that at home
His cupboard was empty, and winter was come.

Not a crumb to be found
On the snow-covered ground,
Not a flower could he see,
Not a leaf on a tree ;—

“ Oh ! what will become,” said the cricket, “ of me ? ”

At last, by starvation and famine made bold,
All dripping with wet, and all trembling with cold,
Away he set off to a miserly ant,
To see if, to keep him alive, he would grant

A shelter from rain,
And a mouthful of grain.
He wished only to borrow,
And repay it to-morrow ;

If not, he must die of starvation and sorrow.

Said the ant to the cricket, “ I’m your servant and friend ;
But we ants never borrow, we ants never lend.
But tell me, dear sir, did you lay nothing by
When the weather was warm ? ” Said the cricket, “ Not I

My heart was so light
That I sang day and night,
For all nature looked gay.”

“ You sang, sir, you say ?

Go, then,” said the ant, “ and dance winter away.”

MEANING OF A MAP.

dif-fer-ent pic-ture dis-tance po-si-tion
New-cas-tle col-our-ed sep-ar-ate moun-tain

To help us to see clearly in our minds the different parts of the world, we use maps. A map is a picture of the world or a part of it; for we may have a map of the whole world or a part of it.

If we wanted to show any one the shape of the schoolroom, and the places where the desks and other things stand, we should draw a plan of it. So if we wanted to give a person an idea of the houses or fields around the school, and the streets or roads leading to it, we should draw a plan of the school and the district around it. Such a plan would give an idea of the position of the places near the school, and of the distance between them.

If these two plans were drawn for you, you would see that the plan or map of a country gives an idea of its shape, of the position of the places in it, and of the distance between them.

In drawing the likeness of a man you may make your drawing small or large; and so you may make a plan or a map small or large. But of course, if you draw one part of a man on a small scale, you must draw all the rest on a small scale too. And so it is

with a plan or a map. An inch may stand for a mile, or ten miles, or a hundred miles; but what it stands for in one part of the map, it must stand for in every other part.

A map is always drawn so that the top is north, the bottom south, the right-hand side east, and the left-hand side west. If then you have a map of your own country, and see Newcastle near the top of the map, you know it is in the north of England; and if you see London on the right-hand of Windsor, then you know London is on the east of Windsor.

<i>idea</i>	<i>field</i>	<i>district</i>	<i>world</i>	<i>shape</i>	<i>bottom</i>
<i>inch</i>	<i>scale</i>	<i>clearly</i>	<i>school</i>	<i>desks</i>	<i>hundred</i>

THE RAINBOW.

My heart leaps up when I behold

A rainbow in the sky :

So was it when my life began ;

So is it now I am a man ;

So be it when I shall grow old,

Or let me die !

The child is father of the man ;

And I could wish my days to be

Bound each to each by natural piety.

DICTATION EXERCISES

ON THE MORE DIFFICULT WORDS IN PRECEDING LESSONS.

21.

1. Asses seem to enjoy thistles and other prickly plants. 2. They like pure water to quench their thirst. 3. They thrive well where a horse would starve. 4. Most asses are more drubbed than petted. 5. They look very wretched in the rain. 6. The crowd jeered at the old man for carrying his donkey. 7. The ass gave a sudden jerk, and broke the pole to which he was tied. 8. The old man was vexed and ashamed at his folly.

22.

1. The scholar tried to deceive his master. 2. He was obliged to own that his cousin had drawn the map. 3. He could not make a copy of it; as soon as he drew a line he rubbed it out again. 4. A jackdaw generally builds in a church steeple or old ruin. 5. He is a saucy bird, and a great rogue. 6. The whole family is a set of thieves. 7. When building, they pilfer from each other's nests.

23.

1. A peacock is very much admired for the beauty of his plumage. 2. A vain jackdaw once strutted up and down in peacock's feathers. 3. He was laughed at for his folly, and all his false finery was stripped off. 4. In less than a week he died of grief and vexation. 5. The rain pattered down on the laurel leaves. 6. Without rain the grass would wither, the corn shrivel up, and the vegetables die.

24.

1. A magpie has a dark purple plumage, marked with white. 2. He is a bold impudent bird, and remarkable for his love of mischief. 3. A tame magpie likes to peck at children's ankles. 4. He hops off with thimbles, spoons and forks, scissors and knives, and anything bright. 5. Many a servant has been suspected of stealing, from the thievish habits of some tame magpie. 6. A girl was once put to death for stealing her master's watch, which a tame magpie had stolen.

CATECHETICAL LESSONS

ON

INFORMATION PREVIOUSLY GIVEN.

The Ass.—Where does the Ass thrive best? In a warm dry climate, like that of Arabia and Persia.

What kind of fare does he thrive upon? Coarse and scanty grass, as well as thistles and prickly plants.

In what respect is the Ass like a Cat? He greatly dislikes to wet his feet, and will carefully pick his way so as to avoid every pool and puddle.

Is the Ass really a stupid animal? No; he is far from stupid. If a horse and an ass break loose from a field, it is always the ass that opens the gate, or finds a weak place in the fence.

What may we learn from the fable of the Ass in the Lion's skin? That if we try to deceive we shall sooner or later bring ourselves into trouble and disgrace.

What may we learn from the story of the Old Man and his Ass? To do what we believe to be right, let people say what they like.

Why should we not try to please everybody? Because it is not possible to succeed: the right way is to try to please God.

The Jackdaw.—What kind of a bird is a Jackdaw? A lively bird; very pert and saucy, and a great thief.

Where does he build his nest? In a church steeple, or some old ruin.

Can you tell me what foolish thing a rain Jackdaw once did? He found some peacock's feathers and stuck them among his own, and then went strutting up and down as a very fine bird.

How was he treated by the other birds? The peacocks pecked at him and stripped him of his false finery, and his companions turned their backs upon him.

What do we learn from this fable? If we try to pass ourselves off for something more than we are, we shall be looked down upon by every one.

The Magpie.—Describe a Magpie. It is a kind of crow, only its plumage is white and dark purple, and its tail is very long.

What is its nest remarkable for? It has a roof of thorns to protect its young ones from cats and hawks. There is a hole in the side to serve as a door.

When does the Magpie attack other birds? When it has a young family at home to provide for, it plunders a nest of the young birds or eggs.

What is the character of a tame Magpie? It is a bold bird, full of mischief.

Can you mention anything remarkable about its habits? It is so fond of anything bright that it is sure to hop off with any silver thimbles, forks, or spoons, that may lie in its way. Thosé it hides in some out-of-the-way corner.

Meaning of a Map.—What is a Map? A picture of the world or a part of it.

What kind of a picture is it? It like the plan of a room which shows the shape of the floor, and on what parts of it the different things are standing.

What can we learn from the Map of a country? Its shape and size, the names and position of the places in it, and the distance between them.

Is the Map of England always the same size? No; it can be large or small, just like any other picture; only, if one part of the map is on a large scale, all the rest must be so too.

Explain what you mean. If two places, one mile distant, are only one inch apart on the map, then on that map, any two places, twice so far distant, must be two inches apart.

Which part of the Map is North? The top is always the north, the bottom the south, the right-hand side the east, and the left-hand side the west.

METALS.

de-scend	bus-i-ness	sep-ar-a-ted	re-gard-ed
wind-lass	di-rec-tion	op-po-site	fur-na-ces
dan-ger-ous	drear-y	sur-face	pre-ci-ous

METALS are mostly found in veins, which run through the rocks as veins through our body. These veins of metal are called *lodes*. The pits out of which the metals are dug are called mines, and the men who work in them, miners. They have often to carry on their dreary, dangerous task some hundreds of feet below the surface. They work by the light of a lamp, which each miner carries with him.

Metals are seldom found pure or by themselves. They are mixed with clay, stones, and other things, from which they must be separated before they are fit for use. When in this mixed state they are called *ores*.

It is the business of the miner to dig the ore from the vein or lode, and raise it to the surface. For this purpose he first digs a square hole in the ground, deep down, until he comes to the lode. This square deep hole is called the *shaft*. The shaft may be regarded as the miner's main road, by which he goes down and up, and by which he sends up the ore he has dug out. When the miner wishes to descend, he steps into a kind of tub, which is let down by means of a rope or *chain*. If you have ever seen a pail or bucket let

down into a well by turning the handle of a machine called a *windlass*, you will have a good idea of the way this is done. When the miner wishes to ascend, or to send up a load of ore, the handle of the windlass is turned in the opposite direction, and thus the rope is wound up again, and the tub is pulled up to the surface.

The ore which is thus obtained is a mixture of metal and stony matter. To separate the metal from the stuff mixed with it, the ore is put into very hot furnaces, in which the metal melts and drops to the bottom. It is then drawn off, and left to cool and harden.

The metals dug out of the mines in our country are the common metals, such as iron, lead, tin, and copper. The precious metals, such as gold and silver, come to us from other countries.


<i>veins</i>	<i>metal</i>	<i>carries</i>	<i>shaft</i>	<i>machine</i>	<i>copper</i>
<i>square</i>	<i>bucket</i>	<i>purpose</i>	<i>chain</i>	<i>mixture</i>	<i>stony</i>

IRON.

a-bun-dant	qual-i-ties	lis-ten-ed	me-chan-ic
foun-dries	pli-a-ble	car-pen-ter	va-ri-e-ty
as-sist-ant	im-ple-ment	re-quir-ed	car-ri-age

Of all the metals, iron is the most abundant and the most useful. It is sometimes called the "king of

metals"; and well it deserves the name. No other metal has so many good qualities: it can be melted, and made to take any shape, by pouring it into a mould; it can be drawn out into bars of any strength, and into wires of any fineness; it can be rolled out into sheets, large or small; it can be twisted and bent into any shape; it can be made hard or soft, sharp or blunt, tough or brittle.

Unless you live where there are great iron foundries, you have, perhaps, never seen iron cast in a mould, or drawn out into wire and bars, or rolled out into sheets. But you have often looked in at the door of a smithy, and watched the sparks fly, and listened to the sound of the hammer on the anvil. I dare say you have seen the blacksmith make a horseshoe. If so, you have noticed how soft and pliable the iron becomes when heated, how readily it is bent into the shape of a horse's hoof, and how easily the holes are punched for the nails. And most likely you have seen him make two bars of iron into one. He can do so much more easily than a carpenter can join two pieces of wood together. He simply takes the heated bars out of the fire, and without loss of time places one end upon the other, while his assistant, with a few blows of a heavy hammer, beats the two bars into one. They are then said to be *welded*. If a bar is too long, a few strokes of the hammer upon a cutting tool will serve to reduce  it to the required length.

With all these good qualities in iron, it is not surprising to see it used in a great variety of ways. It would take a day to write down the names of all the little things made wholly or partly of iron. We will only mention some of the larger things formed more or less of iron. The ploughshare, and almost every farming implement, the tools of every mechanic, and the weapons of war, are mostly made of iron. If we go on a journey by railway, we start from a station built largely of iron, we travel along an iron road, we are drawn by an iron horse, we sometimes pass under an iron bridge, and the carriage in which we sit runs along upon iron wheels. Our ships of war are plated with iron, and we may make long voyages in iron ships. We sleep on iron bedsteads, and we sit on iron chairs; we make our fires in iron grates and stoves, and cook our food in iron pots and pans. And even our schools and churches are sometimes built of iron.

brittle deserve strength mould anvil voyage
tough smithy readily punch weapon mention



GEORGE STEPHENSON AND HIS DOG.

en-gin-eer con-tain-ing tus-sle ter-ri-ble
 mes-sen-ger sa-ga-ci-ous es-pied per-se-vere
 sus-pend-ed wor-ry-ing leis-ure tri-umph-ant

GEORGE STEPHENSON was a great engineer. In early

days, however, he was a poor working-man unable to read or write. At the age of eighteen we find him in charge of an engine used in pumping water out of a coal-pit. Now he began to learn at a night-school; and so well did he persevere with his learning, and improve his leisure hours, that he became in two or three years a fair scholar.

George still found time to attend to his favourite animals, while working, by day at the engine, and by night at his books. He kept up his breed of rabbits, and even drove a small trade in them. Like his father, he used to tempt the robins to hop and fly about him at the engine-fire, by the bait of bread-crumbs saved from his dinner.

But his favourite pet was his dog—so sagacious that he performed the office of a servant, in almost daily carrying his dinner to him at the pit. The tin containing the meal was suspended from the dog's neck; and, thus laden, he proudly walked the road from Jolly's Close, where his master lodged, to Waterrow Pit, where he worked. The faithful creature turned neither to left nor right, nor minded for the time the barking of curs at his heels.

But his course was not always free from perils. One day the big strange dog of a passing butcher espied the engine-man's messenger, ran after him, and fell upon him with the tin about his neck. There *was a terrible tussle and worrying between the dogs,*

which lasted for a brief while ; but, shortly after, the dog's master saw his faithful servant approaching, bleeding but triumphant. The tin can was still round his neck, but the dinner had tumbled out in the struggle. Though George went without his dinner that day, when an account of the combat came to his ears he was prouder of his dog than ever.

<i>engine</i>	<i>tempt</i>	<i>office</i>	<i>faithful</i>	<i>tumbled</i>	<i>worry</i>
<i>improve</i>	<i>crumb</i>	<i>laden</i>	<i>butcher</i>	<i>perils</i>	<i>brief</i>

TO A BEE.

Thou wert out betimes, thou busy, busy bee !

When abroad I took my early way,
Before the cow from her resting-place
Had risen up, and left her trace

On the meadow with dew so grey,
I saw thee, thou busy, busy bee !

Thou wert alive, thou busy, busy bee !

When the crowd in their sleep were dead ;
Thou wert abroad in the freshest hour,
When the sweetest odour comes from the flower ;

Man will not learn to leave his bed,
And be wise and copy thee, thou busy, busy bee !

TIN.

sauce-pan	val-u-a-ble	oc-cu-pa-tion	u-ten-sils
com-mon-ly	Corn-wall	ex-plo-sion	suit-a-ble
pol-ish-ing	at-tend-ed	car-ry-ing	pow-der

TIN is used in making many things to be seen in a good kitchen. Yet it is not unlikely that you have never seen a piece of solid tin ; for what are called tin saucepans and kettles are made of sheet-iron with only a coating of tin. What we commonly call tin is really tin-plate, made by dipping sheet-iron into melted tin. The tin-smith would not be so ready to throw away his clippings and shavings, if they were really of tin; for tin is very valuable.

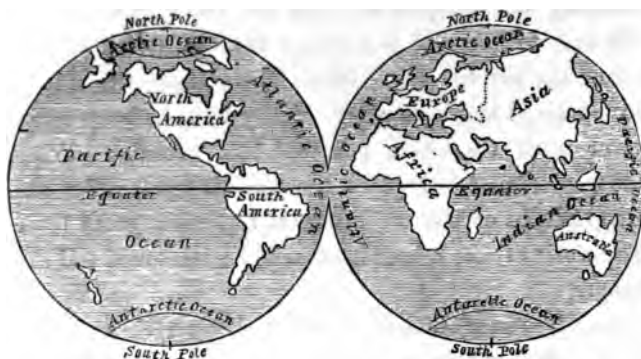
It is found chiefly in Cornwall. The working of the tin and copper mines is the chief occupation of the Cornish. Tin-ore is found in veins, from which branch off smaller veins like twigs from the boughs of a tree, until they become as fine as threads. Many of the tin-mines in Cornwall are near the coast ; and in some places the miners have followed the veins under the bed of the sea. In stormy weather the roar of the waves overhead sounds like mighty thunder, and the water sometimes streams through the roof and threatens to drown the miners.

The ore is got out from the rock by means of gun-powder. A hole is bored in the rock and filled with

powder. A fuse is then laid down, with one end touching the gunpowder, and the other end on fire. The fuse is made of something that burns slowly; so before the fire has travelled to the powder, the miners have retired to a safe place. They have to keep under cover until they hear a sound like thunder. When the explosion takes place the rock is burst open, and many pieces of the ore are shot out with great force. The work of the miner is attended with great toil and danger.

Tin, however, is well worth a little risk and hard work. We should be much at a loss without tin to make proper cooking utensils. It is one of the cleanest metals, and will not rust from damp. It is on this account much used for coating other metals. Neither copper nor iron would make suitable pots for cooking, unless their inside were washed with tin. Tinned pails are lighter than those of wood, and are much sweeter and cleaner for carrying milk. Tin is also more pleasing to the eye than lead or iron. The dish-covers in a gentleman's kitchen often look as bright as a new shilling. A good servant will take a delight in polishing them, until they will almost serve as a looking-glass.

<i>solid</i>	<i>kettle</i>	<i>clipping</i>	<i>bough</i>	<i>threaten</i>	<i>pleasing</i>
<i>really</i>	<i>dipping</i>	<i>shaving</i>	<i>thread</i>	<i>danger</i>	<i>shilling</i>



MAP OF THE WORLD.

cir-cu-lar hem-i-sphere con-ti-nent Ant-arc-tic
 e-qua-tor A-mer-i-ca Aus-tra-li-a Chris-to-pher
 At-lan-tic Pa-cif-ic Co-lum-bus dis-cov-ered

HERE is a map of the world. It consists of two round or circular maps placed side by side. Each of these circular maps shows a half of the world. As the whole world is a globe or sphere, each of these halves is a *hemi-sphere*. The word "hemi-sphere" means half-sphere or half-globe.

The one on the right is the *Eastern Hemisphere*, and the one on the left is the *Western Hemisphere*. The former is also called the *Old World*, and the latter *the New World*. The New World is so called because

it was only found out about 400 years ago. It was discovered in 1492 by Christopher Columbus.

All the land in the world is divided into six large parts called *continents*. The New World contains two of these continents—*North America* and *South America*. The Old World contains four of them—*Europe*, *Asia*, *Africa*, and *Australia*.

The most northerly point in the world goes by the name of the *north pole*, and the most southerly point by that of the *south pole*. A circle drawn round the earth midway between the poles is termed the *equator*. On a map the equator looks like a straight line, but this is because the map is flat, whereas the world is round. You must remember, then, that the equator is a circle drawn round the world midway between the poles.

The largest tracts of water on the globe are named *oceans*. There are five oceans—the Pacific, the Atlantic, the Indian, the Arctic, and the Antarctic.

The *Pacific Ocean* is so large that it covers more than half the surface of the globe. It comes between America and Asia.

The *Atlantic Ocean* separates America from Europe and Africa. As we live in Europe, we should cross the Atlantic in going to America.

The *Indian Ocean* is on the south of Asia, and it is so called because it washes the shores of India. India is a large country in the south of Asia.

The *Arctic Ocean* is round the north pole, and the *Antarctic Ocean* is round the south pole. These two polar oceans are almost frozen over the whole year round.

polar	frozen	divide	contain	globe	circle
consist	ocean	sphere	straight	tract	halves



THE COTTAGER TO HER INFANT.

THE days are cold, the nights are long,
 The north wind sings a doleful * song ;
 Then hush again upon my breast,—
 All merry things are now at rest,
 Save* thee, my pretty Love !

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth,
 The crickets long have ceased* their mirth ;*
 There's nothing stirring in the house,
 Save one wee, hungry, nibbling mouse—
 Then why so busy thou ?

Nay ! start not at that sparkling light :
 'Tis but the moon that shines so bright
 On the window-pane bedropped with rain :
 Then, little darling ! sleep again,
 And wake when it is day.

* *Doleful*, sad, sorrowful. *Save*, except. *Ceased*, stopped.
Mirth, being merry.

DICTATION EXERCISES

ON THE MORE DIFFICULT WORDS IN PRECEDING LESSONS.

25.

The blood flows through our veins. 2. Veins of metal run through the rocks. 3. Mining is a dreary and dangerous task. 4. A shaft is a deep square hole leading to a mine. 5. To descend is to go down, and to ascend is to come up. 6. Iron can be made sharp or blunt, brittle or tough. 7. It can be made into bars of any strength, or drawn out into wires of any fineness.

26.

1. Iron can be melted and poured into moulds of any shape. 2. A blacksmith hammers the iron upon his anvil. 3. When two pieces of iron are white-hot, they can be welded or made into one. 4. Iron is made into ploughs, bridges, bedsteads, grates, stoves, engines, and other machines. 5. The veins of tin branch off like twigs from the bough of a tree. 6. The precious metals come from other countries.

27.

1. George Stephenson was a great engineer. 2. He learnt to read and write at a night-school. 3. So well did he persevere with his learning, that he soon became a fair scholar. 4. He always tried to improve himself in his leisure hours. 5. George had a sagacious dog, that brought him his dinner daily. 6. One day this faithful creature had a terrible tussle with a butcher's dog, and dropped the dinner.

28.

1. The jackdaw in the peacock's feathers was a *vain* bird. 2. A *vein* of metal is called a *lode*. 3. There is a *load* of hay. 4. An *ore* is a metal mixed with earth and stones. 5. We use an *oar* to row a boat. 6. *Lead* is a useful metal. 7. The horse was *led* to the pond for a drink. 8. John can *write* a letter. 9. It is better to do *right* than wrong. 10. My father is a *wheelwright*.

CATECHETICAL LESSONS

ON

INFORMATION PREVIOUSLY GIVEN.

Metals.—*What is a Lode?* A vein of metal.

What is a Mine? The pit out of which metals are dug.

Name the common Metals. Iron, copper, lead, tin, and zinc.

Which are the precious Metals? Gold and silver: which come to us from other countries.

What is an Ore? A metal mixed with clay, earth, and stones.

How does the Miner reach the Ore? A deep square hole, called a shaft, is dug, and he is let down this shaft in a bucket or tub fastened to a chain.

How is the Metal separated from the earth and stones? The ore is thrown into a hot furnace, and here the metal melts and sinks to the bottom.

What is done then? The furnace is tapped, and the metal drawn off.

How is it tapped? A plug of clay is taken out near the bottom of the furnace.

Iron.—*Why is Iron called the King of Metals?* Because it is the most useful metal.

What makes it so useful? It is so abundant, and has so many good qualities: it can be twisted into any shape, made hard or soft, sharp or blunt, tough or brittle.

What is an Iron Foundry? A place where iron is melted and made into pillars, gates, grates, etc., by being poured into moulds.

What is a Mould? Something hollowed out in the form of some particular object.

Why does a Blacksmith heat the Iron? To make it soft and pliable: in that state he can cut it, or bend it, or hammer it out flat, or draw it into wire, or weld two pieces into one.

Mention the things made of Iron in our Houses. Bedsteads, fenders, grates, stoves, pots, pans, locks, bolts, etc.

Tin.—*In what state is Tin found?* In

veins in the rocks, branching off into smaller and smaller veins.

How is the Tin got out of the Rock? A hole is bored in the rock and filled with gunpowder. Then a fuse is lighted, and in a short time the powder explodes, and the rock is blown into fragments.

What is a Fuse? A kind of cord which burns slowly, so as to give the miners time to reach a place of safety before the powder explodes.

What is the chief use of Tin? It is chiefly used for tinning the inside of cooking vessels made of iron or copper.

Why is it so used? Because it is one of the cleanest of metals, and will not rust from damp.

Where is Tin chiefly found? In Cornwall: but as there is no coalfield in this county, the ore is taken to Swansea, in Wales, to be smelted.

Map of the World.—*Describe a Map of the World.* It consists of two round maps placed side by side, each of which shows half of the world: and as the whole world is a globe or sphere, each of these halves is a half-sphere or hemisphere.

Give some account of each Hemisphere? The one on the right is the Eastern Hemisphere or Old World, and the one on the left the Western Hemisphere or New World.

Name the four Continents in the Old World. Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia.

Name those in the New World. North and South America.

Who discovered America? Christopher Columbus, in 1492.

Give the names of the five Oceans. Pacific, Atlantic, Indian, Arctic, and Antarctic.

What are the Poles? The ends of the earth's axis.

What is the Equator? A circle drawn round the earth midway between the poles.

THE FIREMAN'S DAUGHTER

es-cape	A-mer-i-ca	sev-er-al	sta-tue
dread-ful	com-pan-ion	con-fu-sion	ter-ror
qui-et-ly	prompt-ly	re-ceiv-ed	strug-gle

A GIRLS' SCHOOL was once held over a warehouse in the city of New York, in America. The room itself was large and lofty, but the staircase was steep and narrow. The warehouse below was full of casks of sugar, barrels of oil, and sacks of corn.

One day, while the children were at their lessons, they heard the cry of "Fire! Fire!" in the room below. At once a dreadful alarm spread through the school. The poor children began to shriek, and to run in terror to the door. As the door was narrow, it soon became blocked up with the mass of children trying to escape.

In the struggle to get out, several of them were badly hurt; and one of them jumped out of an open window and was killed. Others slipped in rushing downstairs, and received many severe bruises. It turned out that there was no cause for all this alarm; for the fire had been promptly put out.

Throughout the confusion, one little girl sat quite still in her place. While her companions were rushing wildly about, she quietly kept her seat. The colour had, indeed, left her face; and some tears

rolled down her cheeks, but not one word or cry escaped her lips. There she sat, silent and still like a statue, till all danger was over.

On the following day, when the children returned to school, the mistress asked the little girl how it happened that she had sat still when everybody else was in such a fearful state of fright. Her reply was,—

“My father is a fireman; and he has told me that, if ever there was an alarm of fire in the school, I must just sit still, till the way out was clear. I thought of his words, and did as he told me.”

<i>staircase</i>	<i>barrel</i>	<i>shriek</i>	<i>slipped</i>	<i>quietly</i>	<i>cheeks</i>
<i>warehouse</i>	<i>alarm</i>	<i>block</i>	<i>bruises</i>	<i>colour</i>	<i>silent</i>



THE SILKWORM.

cat-er-pil-lar	pro-mis-ed	ma-te-ri-al	wrig-gle
choi-cest	mul-ber-ry	let-tuce	puck-er
greed-i-ly	pro-ceed-ed	wrin-kled	dis-ap-pear

LITTLE MARY was rather proud of a pretty silk dress her aunt had given her. So her mother told her that the dress, of which she seemed so proud, once belonged to a vast number of caterpillars, that had been robbed of *their silken* threads. Mary thought for some time

that her mother was poking fun at her. At length she was told that the caterpillars which had once owned her dress were silkworms; and that silkworms spin a ball of silken thread, just as spiders spin a cobweb. Her mother then promised to get some silkworm's eggs, so that she might watch the little things, from the time they were hatched until they spun their silken threads.

When the eggs were brought home, Mary could hardly see them, they were so small. On being placed in a snug corner of a warm room, tiny little worms soon began to come out of the eggs, and to wriggle about in search of food. Mary was informed that the leaves of the mulberry tree are the silkworms' choicest food, but that lettuce leaves would do instead. She often watched the queer little worms crawling over the green leaves, and making holes in them with their tiny teeth.

The silkworm goes on eating greedily for about a week, and seems to grow more hungry every day. At the end of a week it has grown so much, that it is obliged to stop eating, until it has thrown off its old skin, and gained a new one, much larger than the first.

Mary was delighted to find that, in the same way as little girls grow out of their clothes, silkworms grow out of their skin. She was sorry not to have been present when the silkworms got rid of their first

skin. But on learning that they change their skin four times, she kept stricter watch ; and in less than a week she had the pleasure of seeing one creep out of its cast-off skin. The new skin was wrinkled all over ; but as the worm went on eating day after day, the puckers grew less, and at last disappeared. When this skin, like the former one, had become too tight, it was set aside for another wrinkly one.

When the creature had become full-grown, Mary could by careful counting make out that it had seven small eyes on each side of its head and eight legs on each side of its body. And now the most wonderful part of its career begins. Through two little holes beneath its jaws, the little spinner draws forth threads of a golden colour ; these threads are wound by the little creature around itself, into a firm yellow ball, in the shape of an egg. This egg-shaped ball of silk is called a *cocoon*.

Thus Mary lost sight of all her silkworms, as they proceeded with their labours ; and instead of them she saw yellow balls of silk, like those which had provided the material for her fine new dress.

<i>robbed</i>	<i>watch</i>	<i>queer</i>	<i>obliged</i>	<i>stricter</i>	<i>beneath</i>
<i>silken</i>	<i>hatch</i>	<i>crawl</i>	<i>clothes</i>	<i>wrinkly</i>	<i>spinner</i>



NEW CLOTHES.

flan-nel beau-ti-ful-ly trou-sers puzz-led
me-ri-no bright-en-ed wool-len de-ter-min-ed
pet-ti-coat com-fort-a-bly wor-sted use-ful-ness

A LITTLE boy once came to school looking very smart in some new clothes, which his father had bought for him the evening before. He seemed to be very proud of them, and could not keep his thoughts upon his lessons. Both his mind and his eyes would rest upon his new jacket and trousers. So the master of the school tried to teach him a lesson about his new clothes.

Master. "Well, James, where did you get your new jacket and trousers?"

James. "At the tailor's, sir."

M. "What are they made of?"

J. "Fine *West-of-England* cloth, sir."

M. "Do you know where the tailor got the cloth from? It strikes me that yours is not the first back that has worn it."

J. "Oh, sir! I am sure it is quite new; he never sells second-hand things."

M. "No, he never sells second-hand things, perhaps; but he sells what may be called second-back things."

James was puzzled. His face grew very red to think that his fine new clothes had been worn before. All the other boys in the class began to smile, for they

guessed that the master was only joking. One little fellow, called Freddy, said,—

“Last summer I saw the fleece of a sheep cut off with shears, and the man told me that the wool was for making into cloth.”

So then James’s face brightened up, and he was ready to own that he was only wearing “what some poor sheep had worn before.”

M. “As Freddy has seen a sheep shorn, perhaps he can tell us what was done to the sheep beforehand?”

Freddy. “The man told me, that as the sheep had a greasy coat on its back, he must first wash it. So he took the sheep to a brook, and dipped it in the running stream, until its fleece looked beautifully clean.”

M. “Can James tell us if anything else is made of wool besides cloth?”

J. “There are woollen shirts and drawers, which I have seen in the shop-windows marked *merino* in blue letters.”

M. “Yes. The shopman means to say that they are made of the best wool; for the *merino* sheep of Spain yield the finest and softest fleeces. Can you mention anything else which we get in the first place from the sheep?”

F. “My little sister has a woollen shawl and a flannel petticoat.”

J. “And in winter we wear warm stockings made of *worsted*.”

M. "Quite right: flannel and worsted are made of wool; and so are blankets, which keep us so comfortably warm in bed."

After this little talk James no longer felt proud of his new clothes. He had often before this thought of the sheep as a silly animal, but now he could not help admiring it for its usefulness. He soon fixed his mind upon his books, and determined that he would try to learn fast: for a boy that knows no more than a sheep is quite as silly and not half so useful.

<i>bought</i>	<i>jacket</i>	<i>second</i>	<i>joking</i>	<i>fleece</i>	<i>blanket</i>
<i>thought</i>	<i>tailor</i>	<i>greasy</i>	<i>guess</i>	<i>shawl</i>	<i>stocking</i>



THE PRINCE AND THE PAGE.

Prus-si-an dis-cov-er-ed reg-u-lar-ly sit-u-a-tion
 en-e-my ad-join-ing re-strain con-fu-sion
 ex-claim-ed hand-ker-chief an-swer-ed per-ceiv-ed

ONE day a Prussian prince rang his bell again and again, but none of his servants answered it. So the prince went into an adjoining room, where one of his servants ought to be awaiting his orders. Here he found his page asleep in an arm-chair. The prince was just going to awake him, when he perceived a

letter lying open on the floor. On reading it, he discovered that it was a letter from the youth's mother, who was a poor widow; and in it she thanked her son very warmly for sending her regularly a part of his wages.

The prince went back softly to his room, and taking out some gold pieces from his purse made a little packet of them, and then slid it into the page's pocket with his mother's letter. When he had done this, the prince returned to his own room, and rang the bell very hard, so that the page awoke and came in.

"You have slept well," said the prince, in a stern voice. The poor page, fearing that he would lose his situation, could not restrain his tears, and in pulling out his handkerchief let the letter drop.

"What is that?" said the prince.

"A letter from my poor mother," he said, opening it to hand it to his master, in the hope that it would move his heart to pardon him. But in his surprise at seeing gold coins inside, he let them fall in confusion on the floor. He became greatly alarmed, and falling on his knees, exclaimed, "Alas! some enemy of mine is trying to ruin me."

"What is the matter?" said the prince.

"Oh! sir, indeed I do not know how this money came in my pocket."

"Never mind, my good fellow," said the prince *kindly*, "God often sends us good things in our sleep:

send the money to your mother; and as long as you take care of her I will take care of you."



The page, on leaving his master's presence, threw himself on his knees, and thanked God for His goodness. On opening the Bible that night, he found the place where it is written, "Honour thy father and thy mother, that it may go well with thee."

<i>ruin</i>	<i>lying</i>	<i>youth</i>	<i>packet</i>	<i>knees</i>	<i>pardon</i>
<i>prince</i>	<i>widow</i>	<i>wages</i>	<i>money</i>	<i>await</i>	<i>softly</i>



DIVISIONS OF LAND AND WATER.

THE surface of the earth is partly land and partly water. The water covers three-fourths of the whole surface, and the land only one-fourth. Particular names or terms are given in geography to the different parts of land and water.

DIVISIONS OF LAND.

A *continent* is a very large tract of land. There are six continents: Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia in the Old World; North America and South America in the New World.

An *island* is a tract of land surrounded by water.

A *peninsula* is a tract of land almost surrounded by water. It is therefore *almost* an island.

An *isthmus* is a strip of land joining two larger portions together. It is like a man's neck, which joins his head to his body.

A *cape* is a pointed piece of land stretching out into the sea. It is like a man's nose, which stands out from the rest of his face.

The *coast* or *shore* is that part of the land which borders upon the sea.

A *mountain* is a very high hill. A *chain* or *range* of mountains is a number of mountains in a row. A *volcano* is a burning mountain.

A *valley* is the low land lying between mountains or hills. A *plain* is a flat tract of land.

DIVISIONS OF WATER.

An *ocean* is a very large tract of water. There are five oceans—the Pacific, the Atlantic, the Indian, the Arctic, and the Antarctic.

A *sea* is smaller than an ocean.

A *strait* is a narrow passage of water between two seas, or two large bodies of water.

A *gulf* is a portion of the sea almost surrounded by land.

A *bay* has a wider opening than a gulf, but in other respects is the same.

A *lake* is a body of water surrounded by land. The water of a lake is generally fresh.

GRAMMAR.

MAN has the gift of speech. He can put his thoughts into words. By his words he can let others know what he is thinking about. All men do not use the same words for the same things : that is to say, they do not all speak the same language.

The English language is spoken wherever Englishmen have settled. They do not, however, all speak exactly in the same way, for they have not all learnt the rules of our language. But all who have learnt English Grammar know how to speak properly, for they know the rules ; and so they know what words to use, and how to place them in their right order. If any one wishes to be a good scholar, he must do all he can to learn grammar, and then he will know how to speak and write correctly.

Our language contains thousands of words, but they are divided into *nine* classes ; just as all the animals in the world are divided into four classes—beasts, reptiles, birds, and fishes. These nine classes of words are called *Parts of Speech*.

The largest class of words contains the names of all things we can speak about. The names of things are in grammar called NOUNS. *A noun is the name of anything.* It may be the name of a person, like *James* ; of an animal, like *hog* ; of a place, like *London* ; or of a thing, like *house*.

DICTATION EXERCISES

ON THE MORE DIFFICULT WORDS IN PRECEDING LESSONS.

29.

1. There is a marble statue on our staircase. 2. It is the image of a woman holding a lamp in her hand. 3. The children shrieked and struggled to escape. 4. One little girl sat quite still throughout the terror and confusion. 5. Many slipped downstairs and received severe bruises. 6. The page was asleep, and did not answer the prince's bell. 7. The prince stepped up softly to the youth, and slipped a packet of money into his pocket.

30.

1. A silkworm is a kind of caterpillar, that spins a silken thread. 2. It is fond of mulberry leaves, but will feed on lettuces. 3. Mary kept strict watch to see the silkworms change their skin. 4. The new skin is wrinkled all over, but as the worms grow bigger the puckers get smaller. 5. It is amusing to watch these queer little creatures. 6. Grammar teaches us to speak and write correctly.

31.

1. James bought his new jacket and trousers at the tailor's. 2. He was puzzled on hearing his teacher say that his new clothes had been worn before. 3. The other scholars guessed the teacher's meaning. 4. Wool is made into cloth for coats, into flannel for shirts and petticoats, and into worsted for stockings. 5. The sheep is a silly creature, but we cannot help admiring it for its usefulness.

32.

1. I like to see the ships upon the sea. 2. It is wrong to steal. 3. Steel is made from iron. 4. A bear is a wild beast with a shaggy coat. 5. The trees in winter are leafless and bare. 6. The apple trees in our orchard bear well. 7. My little sister cannot bear pain as well as I. 8. Our baby's legs and arms are quite bare. 9. A king or queen sits upon a throne. 10. A huntsman was thrown off his horse.

CATECHETICAL LESSONS

ON

INFORMATION PREVIOUSLY GIVEN

Silkworm.—What is a lady's Silk Dress made from? From silk spun in the first place by the silkworm.

What sort of a Worm is it? It is a kind of caterpillar that changes into a moth after spinning its thread.

What does it feed upon? It thrives best upon the leaves of the mulberry tree.

How often does it change its Skin? Four times; and when the new skin comes, it is full of wrinkles to allow room for growing.

Describe this Worm when full grown. It has seven small eyes on each side of its head, and eight legs on each side of its body. There are two little holes beneath its jaws through which the threads are drawn.

In what form does it spin its Threads? It winds the thread around itself into a firm yellow ball in the shape of an egg. The little spinner is inside the ball or cocoon.

Wool.—For what is Wool remarkable? For its warmth.

What is made from Wool? Cloth for coats and trousers, blankets for beds, flannel for shirts and petticoats, and worsted for stockings, as well as stuffs for dresses.

What is Merino? It is a fine wool obtained from the merino sheep of Spain.

Does all our Merino Wool come from Spain? No: the merino sheep is now reared in Australia.

Is all our Woollen Cloth made from the Fleece of the Sheep? No: the finest kind of woollen cloth is made from the woolly under-coat of the Cashmir goat, in Asia.

What is Alpaca? It is a silky woollen cloth made from the long soft wool of the Alpaca, a kind of sheep which lives in Peru, in South America.

Grammar.—What is meant by Language? It is the words we speak in making known our thoughts.

Do all Men speak the same Language? No: the people of most countries have a language of their own; thus, the Englishman speaks English, and the Frenchman speaks French.

What is English Grammar? It contains the rules of our language, and enables us to speak and write correctly.

Into what are the words of our Language divided? They are divided into nine classes, called parts of speech.

Which is the largest Class of Words? That class which contains the names of things.

What is that Class called? Nouns.

What, then, is a Noun? A noun is the name of anything.

Land and Water.—Is there more Water than Land? Yes; three times as much—the water covers three-fourths of the world.

What is a Continent? A very large tract of land, containing many countries.

In what Continent do we live? In Europe; and in this continent are many countries—as England, France, and Spain.

What is an Ocean? A very large tract of water, with seas, gulfs, and bays running into the land on all sides of it.

Compare a Gulf with a Bay. Both are arms of the sea stretching into the land, but a gulf is more shut in.

What is the difference between an Island and a Peninsula? An island has water all round it, and a peninsula almost around it.

Compare an Isthmus with a Strait. An isthmus is a narrow neck of land, and a strait is a narrow passage of water; both connect larger portions together.

Name the parts of a River. The place where it begins to flow is its source, and where it flows into the sea is its mouth.



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